

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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ATTACK ON THE PANAMA CANAL

See
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Seven

SEEING 1000 MILES AWAY

MAGIC SCREENS WORKED BY WIRELESS

The Great Development That is Surely on the Way

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER'S DREAM

Ever since the earliest days of sending a photograph over the telegraph wires attempts have been made to enable people to see each other by telegraph.

When we think what a marvellous thing it really is for electricity to convey the most delicate shades of expression in the human voice by the telephone, and how easily a gramophone will reproduce the music of a dozen different instruments in an orchestra, it seems that the problem of seeing by wire should not be very difficult.

An Expensive Instrument

Why it has not been accomplished is explained by Mr. Campbell Swinton, the electrical engineer. The image of a human face cast by a lens upon a screen would have to be broken up into at least 100 thousand tiny segments, just like the little dots which compose a newspaper illustration, and the brightness of each segment would have to be recorded by some delicate electrical instrument that would send a current of corresponding strength to a spot in the same position on the distant screen, on which the image would be reconstructed.

Each of these screens would have to be made up of 100 thousand distinct sections, and could they be connected by as many wires, one wire for each section, the fascinating problem of television could be solved tomorrow; but the expense of such an instrument would be enormous.

A Difficult Problem

Mr. Campbell Swinton has described, but not yet constructed, two such magic screens, over which a pencil of cathode rays would sweep with lightning rapidity. The first screen, on which the image of someone standing before it would be projected, would act as the electric "eye," each section causing an electric current to be telegraphed which represented in strength the brightness at that point. These currents would build up in a flash an exact image on the distant screen, by controlling the strength of a similarly moving cathode beam acting on phosphorescent material.

The idea is that such an apparatus could be worked over an ordinary telegraph line or by wireless. The problem is one which bristles with difficulties; but many minds are working on it, and a solution may be found.

For many years the wireless telephone seemed an impossibility; today it is as familiar as the motor-car. The day will surely come when we shall be able to see a friend a thousand miles away.

The Farm Girl Comes Home



More and more girls are learning farming; and a number of female pupils are now being taught at the Grove, Watford, which was for 170 years the seat of the Earls of Clarendon. Here we see one of the girl pupils returning with horse and wagon after a hard day's work

A CHANCE FOR LITTLE FARMERS

AMONG many schemes for helping agriculture is the provision of scholarships.

Of these, 150 are offered to boys and girls of 16 who have worked on the land, to enable them to keep themselves for a year from next September at a county farm institute, there to learn "agriculture, horticulture, dairying, or poultry-keeping." The only condition is that they shall possess "a useful knowledge of ordinary school subjects."

Next come ten scholarships for two years at university departments of agriculture or agricultural colleges. Holders of these will work for diplomas

in the same subjects as in the one-year course. Candidates must be 17 and have had a good general education.

Finally there are ten scholarships enabling their holders to spend three or four years at universities where degrees are given in agriculture or horticulture. Preference will be given to applicants who have passed matriculation or other university examinations.

We wish there were more of these splendid opportunities. Perhaps, if good use is made of those now available, more will be provided. Full particulars can be got from the Ministry of Agriculture, Whitehall.

JOHN MOSES

RISE OF AN OUTCAST BOY What We Can Do With People If We Try

STORY OF A HOSPITAL

By Our Missionary Correspondent

There is a fine hospital today in India in which several English doctors have given, and still give, their best skill and science to the healing of the Indians.

Over the entrance are the words, in the native tongue, "The Beautiful Gift of Jesus." It is a hospital trusted and loved by the Indians.

Once, at a time when cholera was raging in one of their towns, the brave and untiring doctors came to their aid, and turned even their chapel into a ward for the sick.

But one of these doctors, though he helped to save others, could not save himself, and, returning home, he died, still in his youth. He had fought disease in the hospital, but he fell before it himself in the end. Then the other doctors needed rest and change, and the question arose: Who was there to take care of the work?

That is where John Moses enters the story. John Moses is an Indian, and so skilled now in surgery and medicine that he is acting today as head of the hospital. The British doctors know that they can trust him with the honour and good name of the place.

Now, John Moses comes of that terrible family of out-castes which is spread through India in millions. In India there are castes of many kinds; but outside there are whole families, and groups of families, not counted to rank with the caste-people. They live apart, and are held to be *untouchable*.

Teaching the Outcasts

Till lately no member of this miserable class had any hope of rising out of poverty, but the parents of John Moses received a word of hope when the Christian teachers came into their village. These teachers believed that the out-castes might learn the great and true things, which they had to offer. And if the elder folk began to learn, their children would go beyond them, and so a new range of life would be thrown open to the out-castes.

That is how John Moses came to be first of all a scholar in the village school, a simple thatched building, and afterwards in a high school, and then in the hospital, where he has advanced from stage to stage till now he is qualified to take the place of the British doctors when they are away on furlough in their own country.

VIRGINIA DARE

Some North Carolina citizens are starting a movement to mark by a memorial the birthplace of Virginia Dare, the first white child ever born on American soil.

THE FIRST SWALLOW SUMMER'S HOPE ARRIVES

The Man Who Saw Her Flying
Over Sicily

WELCOME LITTLE BIRD THAT SINGS

The first swallow has come. One swallow does not make a summer, but she brings the summer's hope, and after her comes the sunshine, warmth, roses, and the long summer afternoons.

Did she know, this tiny atom of life, steering her course in the trackless sky, guided only by her mysterious instinct, that thousands of people were waiting to see her? And if she would not be too frightened by it, they would hold a festival in her honour and would sing, "Welcome, little swallow, harbinger of spring."

This first swallow, the advance scout of the bird armies, awoke one morning to find herself restless, unhappy in her bright winter lodging on the Mediterranean shores. About her were voices we cannot hear, all beckoning her on.

The Voices

"Fly away, little swallow, fly back to the north," these voices seemed to say. "There are nests under the eaves and soft, misty airs and long, pale twilights. There are smells of ploughed fields, little lambs bleating and skipping, meadows starred with daisies, and hedges yellow with celandines—things you have not seen for a long, long day. Fly away north, little swallow."

The swallow heard, and she said to her neighbours: "I'm going on a journey, and I shan't be back for a long time."

"Too soon—too soon," said the rest, setting up a great chattering. "Be content where you are."

"I'm going," said the swallow, to whom England had been whispering; and she was off on her lonely flight up in the blue of the sky above the blue of the sea. Presently she was aware that land lay under her, but it had not the scent and sight she was seeking; it was Sicily, not England.

She went on, a lonely speck, but could not help flying low to see if there were anyone she knew down there among all those white roofs. And, sure enough, in Taormina, someone looked up and saw the long, poised wings.

The News Reaches England

"There's the first swallow going home," he said. "Let's send a telegram." So, all unknown to our swallow, along the wires the message ran—*The first swallow has just passed Sicily on her way north.*

Before it was sent the swallow had gone up in the air again; she was presently soaring over the busy ships and thronging masts of Marseilles, where flags of every nation were flying. On she went. But the wind was hard and cold, coming down from icy regions in the north-east, and she was blown out over the stormy Biscay water. Sailors on the watch saw her, and sent after her their thoughts of home, and hoped she would arrive safely. Too often on their decks had fallen numbers of these birds, worn out with the wind's battling.

Visions of Happiness

In the meantime a great twittering had been going on in the winter swallow haunts of the south. Meeting after meeting was held. And, a few days after the flight of the brave little scout, came on the army of fluttering wings. It was said, indeed, that a swallow was seen at Sidmouth before our friend arrived at Taormina.

But a long time before the great army arrived the first swallow had landed and found a nest, and settled down as summer's child, at home. Will she be living under your eaves, or under mine? Wherever she goes, she will bring a great content. To people who have been weary of winter and hard days she will bring visions of happiness.

INSECT MACHINE GUNS

Shooting Eggs at Trees
While on the Wing

LARVAE THAT ARE FATAL TO SPIDERS

By Our South Kensington Correspondent

"Come into my parlour," said the spider to the fly; but it is not quite as general an invitation from a hungry spider as nearly everybody thinks.

There is one family of flies whose larvae turn the tables on certain species of their traditional enemy. The larvae devour the spiders, though occasionally it may happen that the spider devoured may have eaten the parents of the larva. Horrible thought!

These curious insects have an amazing way of laying their eggs. Selecting a tree over the trunk of which grey jumping spiders creep, the mother flies hover up and down from one to two inches from the bark. And, while thus on the wing, they shoot their black eggs at the bark, to which they instantly adhere.

These insect machine-guns were found to discharge as many as 2500 eggs in three-quarters of an hour.

Strangely, however, the eggs do not hatch for a month, when, through a lid-like opening at the small end, a very active little larva emerges. It is most active at night, and by looping itself—bringing its tail end up to its head—it leaps about in search of a spider into which it can bore.

When this has been accomplished, there begins the gradual eating-out of the spider and the growing of the larva. By the time it is full fed, nothing but the outer husk—the skin—of the spider is left. Through this the larva bursts its way, and then, fixing itself to the spider's web, it contracts, pupates, and in time emerges as a fly.

FLEET AND COAL MINE FOR LONDON

What We Shall All See Soon

Many are the marvels awaiting visitors to the Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

On a miniature lake in the grounds will be a fleet of model ships, complete to the smallest detail, reproducing the Spanish Armada. They were designed and built in secret by official architects of the Navy in a top room in Whitehall.

The Ministry of Health, not to be outdone, has produced models of ideal houses in an ideal town. In the centre, on which the streets converge, is a circular green with fountains playing. It is even asserted that there are to be birds singing in the trees.

Most marvellous of all, perhaps, is the model coal mine sunk in Wembley's London clay, and stocked with every kind of coal-getting machinery and with coal for the machinery to tackle. Pumps, electric plant, telephones, railways, stables with live pit ponies in them, and baths for the pitmen are to be seen here. The exit will be into a hall, where exhibits illustrating the whole history of coal-mining will be shown.

HIS BROTHER'S VOICE

Family Reunion Brought About by Wireless

By means of wireless an American has lately found a brother he had not seen or heard of for five years.

One night, when listening in near New York, he thought he heard the voice of this missing brother singing a selection from Carmen. Anxiously he awaited the end of the song, when the broadcasting station's announcement proved that he had been right.

The young man had left home because his father refused to allow him to become a professional singer, but now, thanks to wireless, the family is once more united.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Norway is to have new coins with holes in them.

Southampton has lost a £250,000 contract through the strike at the port.

Through swallowing a toy balloon he was blowing up, a little boy of eight has died suddenly.

There will be 100,000 tulips at Wembley on the opening day of the British Empire Exhibition.

The Government is starting a scheme for building between two and three million houses in fifteen years.

Still Exploding

An explosion of war munitions has just killed 22 people in a village of New Jersey, U.S.A.

12 Times Round the World

One of our British pilots, Mr. Barnard, has flown a distance equal to 12 times round the world.

Scotland Yard's Finger-Prints

It is announced that there are now 450,000 sets of finger-prints of criminals at Scotland Yard.

Unbreakable Glass

A new glass has been invented which will not break if a steel ball be dropped on it from a height of eight feet.

Relics of the Bronze Age

A farmer on the borders of Carmarthenshire, at a lonely spot 800 feet above the sea, has found two burial urns, relics of the Bronze Age.

Sun Causes a Fire

The Sun's rays, focused by mirrors on to celluloid articles exposed for sale, caused a fire which destroyed a window full of goods at Southsea.

Workmen at the Carlton Club

The Carlton Club has been entertaining to lunch sixty workmen who have been re-facing the building. Lord Younger was in the chair.

Uncle Tim's Cabin

Uncle Tim's Cabin has been playfully suggested as a name for the official residence of Mr. Tim Healy, the Governor-General of the Irish Free State.

Jelly-fish Stops a Steamer

A large steamship was held up for nearly 16 hours in Durban harbour the other day owing to a jelly-fish blocking an inlet pipe 12 inches in diameter.

Poland and Wireless

With the completion of the Government station in Warsaw direct wireless communication between the United States and Poland has been established.

New Comet Found

Mr. W. Reid, of the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, has discovered a new comet. It is too far south to be visible from England.

A Better Chance

Three hundred men, women, and children from a lonely island in the Outer Hebrides are just arriving in Canada to seek a better chance in life.

A Great Engine for France

The electric locomotive which broke all records by attaining a speed of 105 miles an hour in Pennsylvania is to be sent to France for use on the Paris-Orleans railroad.

Canoes a Thousand Years Old

Some old canoes just dug up from the peat bottom of a lake in New Jersey are said to have been used by the Red Indians in that vicinity nearly a thousand years ago.

Exported Inhabitants

The three European countries that exported most inhabitants to the United States in the last six months of 1923 were the British Isles 149,507, Germany 97,566, and Italy 49,777.

Three Million Transactions

The Disposals Board, formed to dispose of war stocks, has been finally wound up, after disposing of about 800 million pounds' worth of material in about three million transactions.

The Way of Kindness

Sir Ian Hamilton has just been saying that the quiet kindness of one Service man to another since the war has done more to hold the social fabric together than any other single factor.

LOOKING BACKWARD TO GO FORWARD

A MESSAGE FROM THE
PAST

Schools and Scholars in the Time of Jesus

LESSON FROM NAZARETH

Mr. Morgan Jones, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, has been urging elementary schools to reduce the number of scholars in a class.

A class of sixty or seventy cannot be taught, but only lectured, he says, adding, "My mother told me it was as much as she could do to manage seven."

Everybody will welcome Mr. Jones's scheme, but the idea is old, and we are prevented from carrying it out only by the difficulty of paying the extra teachers which the change would necessitate.

All our educationists yearn for this reform. So did their fathers and a long line of masters before them.

The fact is, we have fallen away from the standards set by antiquity. The quality and character of education varied with different nations of old time, but we know from the Talmud, which is the Jewish legal and canonical code, how the Jews regulated these matters.

Schools for All

The Talmud lays it down that if a school contains not more than 25 scholars it shall be conducted by a single teacher, but if the number exceeds 25 the town shall employ an assistant teacher, while, if the total be in excess of 40, two masters shall be engaged.

One great high priest imposed on every town the obligation to support such schools, and insisted that if the town were divided by a river, and there was no bridge or other safe means of crossing that river, a school must be established on each side.

Jewish children were not admitted to school before the age of six, but, says the Talmud, "after six, receive the child, and load him like an ox," meaning that he must be made to work hard.

It was to such a school as this, scholars suppose, that Jesus went in His boyhood. We are told nothing of that wonderful childhood in Nazareth, except that He "increased in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man," but His development was in accordance with human law and order.

An Inspiration from Old Times

He is pictured as a little scholar at a tiny school, learning to read and write according to the manner of the East, reciting from His book till He knew by heart the rules which should make a scholar pious, virtuous, and obedient to the law, "Ye shall be holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy."

It was a little school in a little town of a little nation, but the mere limiting of the number of scholars to a class is evidence of the care with which education was then conducted. We, in making progress, must look back for example and inspiration, at any rate as to numbers of pupils per teacher.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Two vols. of Barclay's "Eclogues"	£1020
An Adam writing-table	£997
Six Chippendale armchairs	£567
A pair of Chinese vases	£520
Caesar's "Commentaries"	£450
Chaucer's "Plowman's Tale"	£440
A Louis XV writing-table	£409
Bacon's Essays, 2nd edition	£400
Van Dyck portrait of Rubens	£325
A William III chest	£90
Elizabethan tiger-ware jug	£78
Newfoundland 1s. stamp, 1860	£31
English 3d. stamp, 1863	£27
A Queen Anne taper-stick	£17

DESERT SECRET RIDDLE OF MAN'S FIRST HOME

Thrilling Possibilities of a New Expedition

BRIDGING THE GULF OF TIME

Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who made such wonderful discoveries in Mongolia last year, when he found the dinosaur, is leading another expedition to the same place.

This time he is to search for the remains of the very earliest human ancestors of man. The discoveries already made prove beyond doubt that North America and Asia were at one time linked by land, and they further suggest that Central Asia was not only the source of most of the forms of animal life now found on the Earth, but that from it also sprang human life.

Mr. Andrews and his colleagues of the American Museum of Natural History believe that the fossilised bones of primitive men are buried in what is now the Desert of Gobi, and that they can be found.

Wonderful Discoveries

"I believe," says Mr. Andrews, "that Mongolia will yield the remains of primitive man. We did not exhume the bones of the progenitors of the human race on our initial exploration simply because we did not reach the proper strata of rock. But we learned much as we searched, and I am confident that on our next trip we shall get there."

Certainly the discoveries made last summer and the summer before were among the most extraordinary ever made. In two summers of five months each ten years' work was accomplished, says Mr. Andrews, and this was made possible by the fact that the expedition travelled in motor-cars, supported by a caravan of 75 camels, carrying petrol, food, and other supplies. The expedition thus used one of the oldest and one of the newest methods of transportation, and the same plan will be carried out this spring.

Searching for Early Man

Credit must be given to America for the great discoveries made, for it was an American scientist, Professor Osborn, who advanced the theory that the origin of life might be found in Central Asia; it was American business men who found the money for the expedition; and it was the adventurous spirit of young American explorers that actually organised and carried out the work in the lonely desert.

The crowning discovery last year was the finding of the dinosaur eggs, one with the embryo of a young dinosaur inside; and one of the 25 eggs found was sold the other day for £1000. Perhaps the crowning work this year will be the finding of the fossilised bones of early man in quantities such as have never been dreamed of before.

Thrilling Possibilities

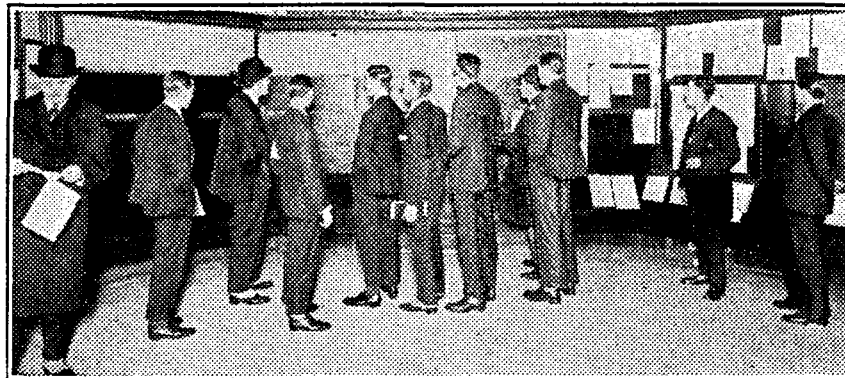
Mr. Andrews will, if necessary, give up five years to exploration in the terrible Desert of Gobi, in order to complete his search for these prehistoric human remains.

As somebody said the other day of this great enterprise, "No expedition of history—not even the numerous heroic dashes for the North Pole or the first daring voyage of Columbus—ever was fraught with more thrilling and dramatic possibilities than are contained in the prospect of bridging the gulf of millions of years and solving for man the riddle of his origin."

World's Greatest Shipping Centre



The main entrance to Lloyd's, with the famous Lutine gun on the right



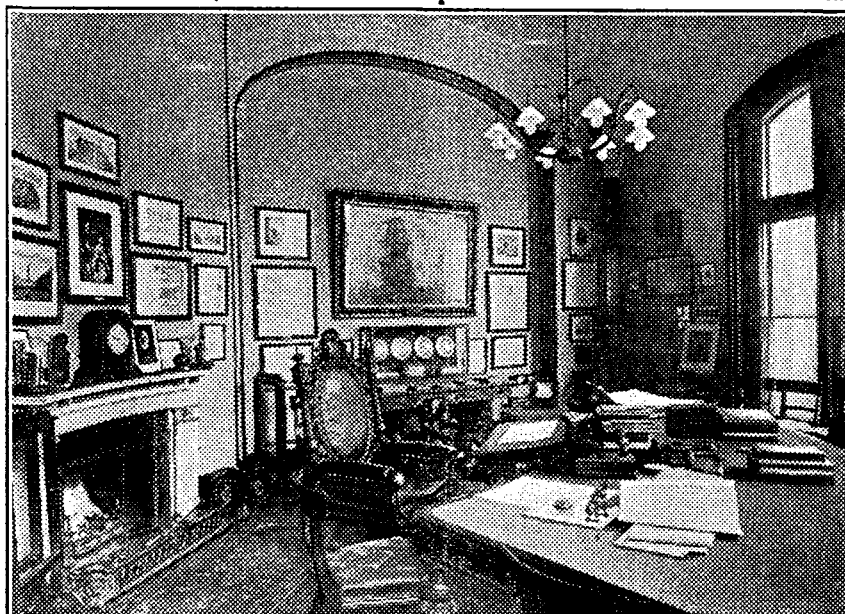
The notice board where reports of wrecks and casualties are posted



The casualty book in which all kinds of accidents to ships are entered



The crier on the rostrum ringing the Lutine bell to insure silence for an announcement



The Committee Room with the Lutine table and the Lutine chair for the Chairman's seat

Lloyd's, the famous institution which registers, insures, and records the movements of shipping all over the world, is to move from the Royal Exchange, where it has had its headquarters for 150 years, and will occupy new and larger premises. These pictures show the present Lloyd's, with various relics of La Lutine, a frigate loaded with bullion, which was wrecked off the Zuider Zee in 1799, with disastrous results to Lloyd's

THE VOICE OF FALSE DOOM

EARTH TREMORS THAT WE NEED NOT FEAR

Ninety Words which Make Nations Tremble with Terror

A VOICE FROM MOHAMMED'S TOMB

The slight earthquake shocks which have been experienced in the English Midlands are disquieting, more from the possibility of their doing harm to the tunnelled coalfields in which the effects were experienced than from any threat of injury to this solid old land of ours.

Rocks vary in age of formation, as species in animal life. Our land is very ancient in a geological sense; we are one vast mountain range, reduced by the wear of time and tide to our present modest dimensions. Our times of trouble came ages and ages ago, when the land on which we live was not so soundly consolidated.

Then we had as many volcanoes as Japan, and earthquakes left signatures upon the bosom of our land which geologists can still trace today. Under Providence we have long had reason to say with thankfulness that serious earthquakes in England need not be feared.

When Pompeii was Buried

Even the slight tremors which we experience occasion natural terror to simple people. It always has been the case. The uninstructed mind has always believed that some purely local physical disturbance means that the end of the world has come.

That was the thought of the poor people who fled from Pompeii as Vesuvius showered hot ashes over it; it was the thought of the people who witnessed the Lisbon earthquake, and the Japanese earthquake of last year occasioned the like overwhelming fear in Japan that the Earth was breaking up.

England, America, Italy, and the Near East have all experienced these slight earthquake shocks during the last week or so, and pious Moslems, who have just witnessed the overthrow and driving forth of their Caliph, head of their religion, must be putting these things together, and wondering if the most terrific prophecy in their Bible is not in course of fulfilment.

The End of the World

Mohammed, who wrote the Koran, the Moslem Bible, evidently shared the common terror of earthquakes, for he prophesied that the end of the world, the Day of Judgment, would actually come in an earthquake. It is a tremendous chapter, though consisting of but few words, and imagines that on that day the Earth will shake out all her treasures and all her dead, and speak.

When the Earth shall be shaken by an earthquake (it says) and the Earth shall cast forth her burdens, and a man shall say, What aileth her? On that day the Earth shall declare her tidings; for that thy Lord will inspire her. On that day men shall go forward in distinct classes, that they may behold their works.

And whoever shall have wrought good of the weight of an ant, shall behold the same. And whoever shall have wrought evil of the weight of an ant, shall behold the same.

So says the Koran, and throughout the Moslem world these words occur to the shrinking minds of scores of millions of pious Mohammedans every time the Earth's surface heaves and hidden internal forces cause the rocks to stir and groan.

AUSTRALIA'S AERIAL MAIL

Western Australia's new air mail service from Geraldton to Derby, Port Hedland, and Broome has been extended to Perth. Mails from Broome to Perth, 1362 miles, are now delivered in 36 hours instead of eight days.

IMMANUEL KANT ODD LITTLE MAN AND WHAT HE SAID

**Bi-Centenary of a Thinker who
is Famous Everywhere**

A GERMAN TRULY GREAT

Immanuel Kant, the great philosopher, was born on April 22, 1724. Twenty years ago we celebrated the centenary of his death; now we have reached the second centenary of his birth.

Kant was the son of a German saddler of Königsberg, whose father had come from Scotland, where the name Cant is still not uncommon.

Immanuel was put to school at ten to learn theology, and he became a parson; but he was only 22 when his father died, and poverty compelled him to abandon learning for teaching. It was not till he was over 30 that he was able to take his degree, when he began lecturing at his old college. He was 46 before he became a professor, and 57 before his world-famous work, the Critique of Pure Reason, was published. Book after book followed till his retirement at 73.

Greatest Modern Philosopher

Kant never married, and he continued throughout his life the frugality imposed by poverty in his youth. He rose at five and went to bed between nine and ten. He had his midday meal at a restaurant which, as he grew famous, he had constantly to change.

He was an odd-looking little man of poor physique, standing just over five feet, and this queer little fellow, discoursing at large behind his pot of beer, was one of the institutions of Königsberg. There he lived and died, and never in his life did he wander more than 40 miles away. He remained unspoiled by his celebrity till late in life, when he came to resent all challenge to his philosophical conclusions.

He was beyond doubt the greatest of modern philosophers. He remodelled the whole thought of his time, sifting out once for all what was transitory from what was permanent in the work of those who had gone before him, and laying the foundations on which his successors have built.

The Rule of Right

It is curious that his later years were soured by a conflict on theology with Church and State; yet of all philosophical writers he taught most emphatically the essentials of religious belief.

It is true that he did not believe the existence of God could be proved to the understanding, but he held that reason compels belief in a unifying Will, working through Nature to a good end.

He held, too, that this same gift of reason puts on men an absolute obligation to conform to a certain rule of right, which he summed up as "only acting as one can desire all to act." And what is that but the Golden Rule of Jesus—to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us?

A Needed Lesson

But perhaps the aspect of Kant's teaching most in men's minds in these early days of the League of Nations is that contained in his book on Perpetual Peace. In this he shows how civilised communities grew out of savagery by the readiness of the citizen to submit himself to the rule of law in order that his neighbours should be willing to make the same submission.

For States in their relation to each other Kant believes "there can be no other way of advancing from that lawless condition which unceasing war implies than by giving up their savage, lawless freedom, just as individual men have done, and yielding to the coercion of public laws."

Have we yet learned the lesson? It will be for the young men and women of tomorrow to reply.

TRAINS ACROSS THE SEA

**NEW LINKS WITH THE
CONTINENT**

**One of the Good Things that
Came Out of the War**

THE FERRY SYSTEM

One good result from the energy and expense with which the Great War was conducted is the extension of the train ferry system across the seas.

Over half a century ago there was talk about the great saving that would be made if loaded railway trucks could be run on to some form of ferry steamer on one side of the English Channel, and then run off on to the railway lines on the other side. This would do away with the unloading and reloading of goods in the course of transit between England and the Continent.

But nothing was done till the great needs of the war united England and France in one common effort. Then the ferry system was established between Richborough and Calais; and between Southampton and Havre. Its success was so clear that the system was bound to be extended, especially as valuable material was available for use elsewhere in ferry construction.

In the next few years ferries for the carriage of merchandise in railway wagons will in all probability be in use between England and all her near neighbours across the North Sea.

Bringing the Continent Near

The first, between England and Belgium, from Harwich to Zeebrugge, will be working during the present month. Machinery from Richborough and Southampton is being utilised at Harwich, and, as the Belgian terminus will be on the Bruges Canal, there will be no rise and fall of tidal water to be counteracted. A daily service each way is to be kept up. From Zeebrugge a large area of the Continent may be reached without any unloading of the trucks.

A similar Anglo-Danish ferry is being favourably considered, and a Swedish scheme between either Immingham or Hull and Gothenburg will probably soon add a link to the means of trade between England and Sweden.

Thus trade in times of peace will benefit from enterprises proved to be possible and profitable under the stress of war.

QUEER BAT AT A LONDON SCHOOL

**When the Romans were in
Oxford Street**

The children of the King Alfred School at Hampstead have made a remarkable discovery.

The Hampstead Tube has been dumping soil in the grounds of the school to make a playing field, bringing it from the excavations in Poland Street, off Oxford Street, close to the site of an old Roman road.

In this soil the children have found a number of human bones, one of which, without knowing what it was, they used as a bat!

We know from Shakespeare that

Imperious Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

But who would have thought of a Roman's leg-bone being used as a bat by an English boy?

The headmaster, Mr. Wicksteed, took the bones to the British Museum, and great was the children's excitement to learn that they were there considered to date back to the Roman occupation. The skulls are regarded by Sir Arthur Keith as of the shape known as Romano-British, and a fragment of wood studded with bronze-covered iron suggested a coffin of Roman times.

1666

**WHAT WE LOST THROUGH
THE GREAT FIRE**

**The Unending Struggle Between
Man and Nature's Mighty Forces**

WHERE OUR STAINED GLASS PERISHED

It comes as a surprise to learn that we are still suffering from the effects of a fire which occurred 258 years ago. Yet it is true that we are all poorer to this day for the Great Fire of London of the year 1666. We are poorer for the loss of literary and artistic treasures of which we have lost count. We are poorer for the destruction of one feature of beauty of which at least one expert has kept a reckoning.

For Mr. F. S. Eden, a master of the subject, has been stating that the sad dearth of fine old stained glass in London is due to the Great Fire.

The old-time descriptions of London make us realise that, for all its hidden horrors and perils to health, the capital was a lovely city, and its teeming churches were noble in design and glorious with glass such as is not now produced.

When Old St. Paul's was Burned

The fire consumed St. Paul's Cathedral and 88 churches, to say nothing of 13,200 houses and the other buildings in the 400 streets destroyed. In that fire most of our fine glass perished; and the bulk of what was left was ruined in the paralysis of neglect which followed.

So today we still have reason to mourn that conflagration of 1666, while yet thankful that it burned out the plague spots in which, a year earlier, one-fifth of the population had died.

But fire is the most rebellious of our servants, a Frankenstein monster which we can create without always controlling. It gives us the command of metals upon which industry, travel, and commerce depend; but in a few hours it devours Nero's Rome, with the riches and spoil of half a world; impoverishes human knowledge for all time by consuming the Earth's richest literature accumulated at Alexandria; and burns up priceless records in our old Houses of Parliament, as it did also more recently at the Parliament House of Canada.

Nature as Servant and Master

Our lives are cast amid forces immense and terrible, yet the fact that we live and move is proof of our abounding victories over them. A wind in a minute blows down the Tay Bridge and casts a train and its passengers into the water, but we make the wind grind corn, pump water, and carry Columbus, Magellan, Drake, and Cook to new worlds round the globe. An earthquake swallows a city and shatters a province, yet we build better for the disaster. We use in commerce the fiery ash with which a volcano buries a town, and, though the Nile floods its country every year, wheat, cotton, rice, and other needs of life are made to flourish immediately the floods have turned back.

Animals slip out of life, species and genius at a time, before such catastrophes; but Man clenches his teeth, begins again, and never turns back.

AN EXPENSIVE BEQUEST Fortune Not Worth Having

The inheritance taxes in America have recently played a strange trick with the estate of a millionaire hardware man there.

The majority of his holdings were left to charity, but he also left about 600 thousand pounds to his son, with instructions that the son should meet the inheritance taxes on the whole estate. As a result, the young man states that he will be forced into bankruptcy because the total levies will amount to well over a million pounds.

The question is now before the courts.

THE LEAGUE AND THE RATS

**WHAT HAVE THEY TO
DO WITH ONE ANOTHER?**

**The Dangerous Stowaways
that Help to Spread the Plague**

RAT-CATCHERS WANTED

That people should be trained for such a career as rat-catching sounds like a joke, but for the countries of the Far East it is a serious matter, and it is, indeed, the advice of an eminent doctor, who knows what he is talking about.

Rats are unpleasant creatures at any time, but they become distinctly more so when it is known that they are the chief carriers of plague.

They find their way into a bundle of matting or bamboo poles, into sacks of maize or rice, into bags of beans or peanuts, or perhaps into some straw packing. They make their nests and settle down comfortably, and then, when these goods go on board ship, they go too, and get a free passage from port to port. Hidden in this way, they are extremely difficult to find, and those who search for them need to be trained.

Unwelcome Travellers

If any of these rats are diseased and are allowed to escape when the boat is unloaded, plague breaks out among the natives. It has been proved, too, that where rats have not been allowed to enter the plague has quite died out. We see now the importance of catching and killing these free passengers directly they arrive and of training people to do it thoroughly.

Still safer would it be to make sure that these unwelcome travellers did not get into the buildings in which rice or grain is stored for shipment. Attempts at prevention have been made with concrete walls and floors, but still the mischief-makers manage to get in and to make their homes in the sacks in time to get carried on to the ships.

A clever way of preventing this has been suggested by a doctor who has studied the ways of the rat. He has found out two things; first, that it must have water. A very little will do, even the moisture on grass or damp vegetables, but it must have some. Secondly, it cannot jump more than three feet. He urges, therefore, that roofs should be absolutely water-tight, with wide sloping eaves, so that no drop of rain can drift in, and that the grain or rice should be stored on platforms built in such a way that rats can neither jump nor climb to them.

Cooperation Needed

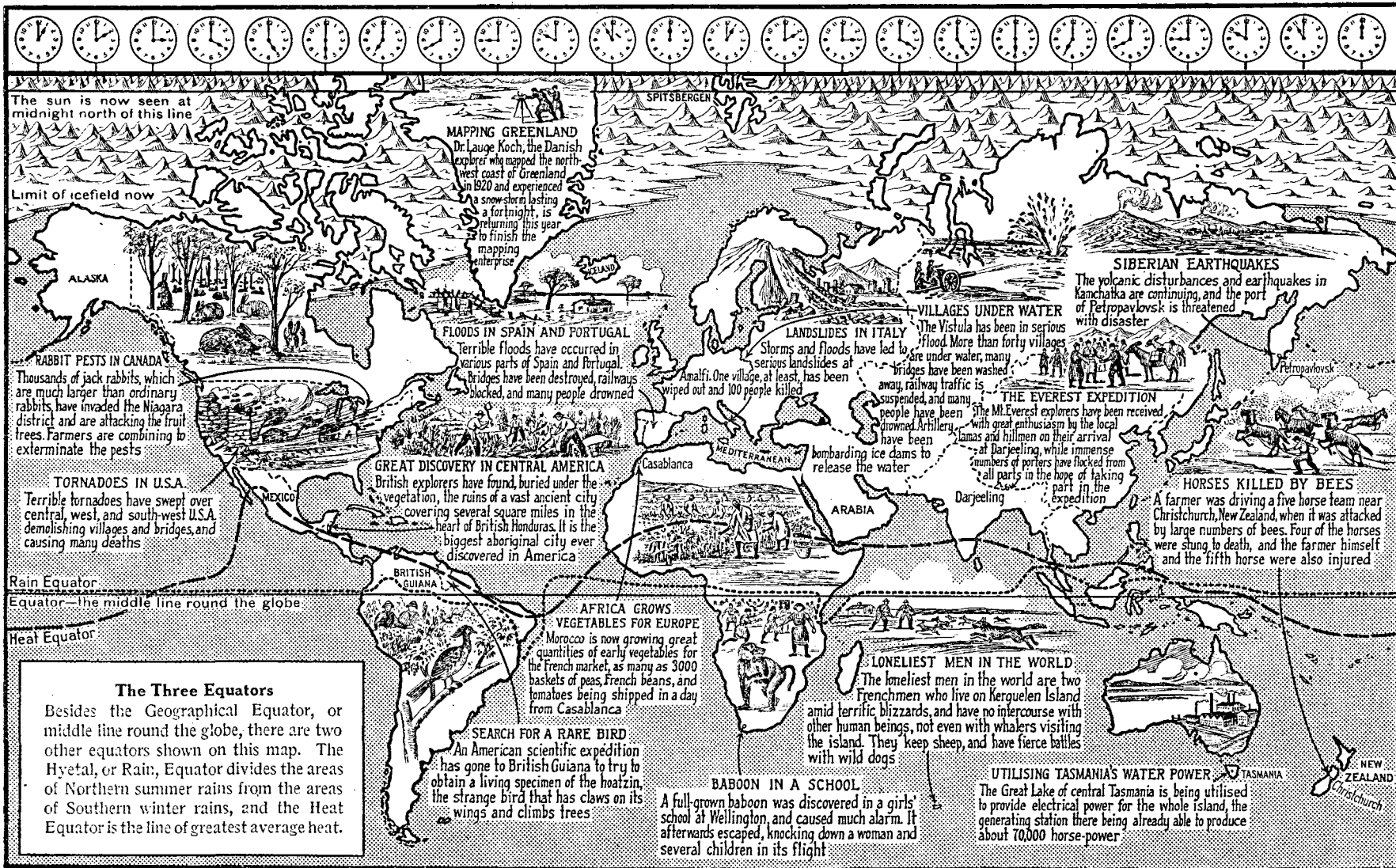
It seems a long way from rats to the League of Nations; but here is the connection. Rats carry plague, plague is one of the diseases that must be stamped out, and, since ships sail far and wide, from one country to another, this can only be done by cooperation between all concerned.

To get full information, the League sent out to the East a doctor who had already spent years in such study, to make inquiries everywhere and to suggest what can be done. After a tremendous journey he has brought back a complete report to the Health Committee of the League. This has been sent to all Governments of the East, so that they may make suggestions; and we shall watch the results with interest.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cartouche	Kar-toosh
Gutenberg	Goo-ten-berg
Kant	Kahnt
Magellan	Mah-jel-lan
Zoetrope	Zo-e-trohp

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING NATURAL EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



AMALFI HAS A TRAGIC HOUR Italy's Lovely Little Town LANDSLIDE CALAMITY

Amalfi, one of the most beautiful spots on Earth, has been wrecked, with the neighbouring fishing villages, by a number of landslides. Over a hundred people have been killed, and twelve times that number made homeless.

Amalfi is on the Gulf of Salerno, next to the Bay of Naples. It is perched on the steep slopes of hills formed of dolomite, the magnesium limestone with which we are familiar in north and middle England. The streams and the weather gradually make deep clefts in the hills in winter which get filled in the summer with rubble. Then, when an exceptional rainstorm comes, tons of mud and stones and great rocks are swept by the torrents down the hillside, destroying all in their path.

Amalfi has been subject to these landslides from earliest times. There was a very serious one only 14 years ago. Yet, partly through lack of means, the proper engineering precautions have never been taken to prevent them.

In the Middle Ages Amalfi was a great seaport, rivalling Venice in power, with a population of 70,000. Now it has not a tithe of that number.

Visitors from all over the world stay at its picturesque hotel, which was once a Capuchin monastery. Of this the famous colonnade has been destroyed, but the remainder survives, cut off on all sides by the sea, where a raging storm has delayed and hampered help in the hour of need. The beautiful cathedral is happily safe. *See World Map*

A GREAT DOOR

What is said to be the largest door in the world is now in an Ohio bank.

It is four feet thick, made of solid steel, and weighs nearly 200 tons, but the balances are so delicately adjusted that the door can be swung easily with a push of the hand.

ARAB PARLIAMENT Historic Gathering in Bagdad

The first Constituent Assembly of Mesopotamia has been opened by King Feisal in Bagdad.

Before the elections there seems to have been a fear that hotheads and revolutionaries who wanted neither the British Commissioner nor the Arab King would be found in the majority. The Assembly proves, on the contrary, to be a most sedate and respectable company, worthy of the dignified traditions of Bagdad.

It includes among its members sheiks of the great families which have ruled in Mesopotamia back to the time of the Caliphs. There are Bedouin tribal chiefs, including one Fahad Beg ibn Hadhahal, from the Syrian Desert, whom the Tommies of the armoured cars in the Great War irreverently called Old Fried Eggs.

From Mosul, which the Turks claim as theirs, come ten members, most of whom belong to families with feudal ties with the province they represent.

THE GRIP OF LONDON A Soldier's Hopeless Attachment

Sir Ian Hamilton, though he claims to have visited "every corner and hole of the Empire," finds that he cannot emigrate from London.

"I simply cannot do it," he says, "because of my hopeless attachment to London. London catches hold of you as an octopus grabs a periwinkle, and, once you are caught, there is nothing will free you from that embrace—not tax collectors, not midnight cats, not officers playing barrel-organs, not even ground rents or strap-hanging."

General Hamilton's experience is that the healthiest children, with the rosiest cheeks, are to be found in the South Island of New Zealand and in Vancouver Island on the Pacific coast of Canada.

LADY ASTOR'S LABEL Bringing People Together

It is always difficult to know who is who at a big social gathering unless all who are present are so important that their faces must be familiar.

Yet introductions take time, and it is not easy to remember the name when the introductions are over; some hostesses find it difficult even to remember the names of their own guests long enough to make the introductions.

So Lady Astor, who is very fond of asking all sorts of people to meet, has started a new fashion. Each of her guests wears a small label giving "name, principal interests, business or profession," and they are all invited to address the people whose labels interest them, without ceremony.

The parties have been a great success. People at once recognised congenial fellow guests, and talked to them about things that interested them both.

LONELIEST MEN ON EARTH

Hermits on a Storm-Tossed Island

Half-way between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Leeuwin, in Western Australia, is Kerguelen Island, "the Island of Desolation"—just about as far away from anywhere as it is possible to get on this planet.

A party of Norwegian sealers have just reached Capetown who have been to Kerguelen hunting sea elephants. There they found two French hermits, keepers of sheep and pigs.

The Frenchmen, who would have nothing to do with the sealers, seemed perfectly contented, though terrific blizzards swept the island during the winter and they were often "snowed under," and had to fight for their lives, and the lives of their flocks, against starving wild dogs.

The sealers call them the loneliest men on Earth. *See World Map*

500 MILLIONS The National Debt Goes Down FOURTH SURPLUS IN 4 YEARS

We are the heaviest taxed people in the world, and the only nation in Europe which has honestly tried to pay its war debts and keep its finances straight. But we have done even better than we knew.

In the financial year which ended on March 31 the national revenue was 19 millions more than was expected, and the expenditure 28 millions less than was expected, so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a surplus of about 48 millions.

The law is that all surpluses, as they accrue during the year, must be spent in paying off debt, and, as the Budget itself provided for paying off 40 millions, the National Debt is now 88 millions less than at the beginning of this financial year. This is the fourth time in four years that we have had a big surplus. Here are the figures:

1920-1	£230,556,789
1921-2	£45,693,246
1922-3	£101,515,848
1923-4	£48,329,073
Total surplus	..	£426,094,956

We have thus had an average surplus of 106 millions a year.

All this has gone to the reduction of debt in addition to the Budget provision for the same purpose, which means that the National Debt today is over 500 millions less than it would have been if no provision for debt reduction had been made. That also means that we shall in future have to pay some 25 millions less in interest each year on debt than if we had merely paid interest on our debt and not reduced it.

No doubt some heavily burdened tax-payer will exclaim at the excessive virtue of the British people in paying these enormous sums in reduction of debt; but at any rate it is a splendid record and an example which we may hope other nations will follow.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 19 1924

The Poor Wise Man

ALL C.N. readers know the name of that great discoverer Sir Ronald Ross

By discovering the author of malaria he has established his claim to be the saviour of a mighty multitude of lives, and among the greatest benefactors of our race he will always have his place.

One of the great desires Sir Ronald Ross has lately been cherishing is the desire to make the cities of the world clean.

We cry, "God, make us kings, Poets, or prophets here!"

The scornful answer rings:

"First be My scavenger."

They are his own lines, for our doctor is also a poet, and these four lines tell of his strong belief that the world needs Cleansers if our cities are to become fit for men to live in.

When he was stationed in an Indian city he made it his purpose to see what was done to keep the city clean, and he went out by night with the outcasts, who toiled while others slept. But Sir Ronald Ross rose before dawn, and went out with them. He tells how they went beneath the glorious stars; he pictures the murky lanterns, and the patient oxen, and the poor men toiling at their tasks. Happily he was able to increase their pay and to give them good lanterns. The memory of these hours leads him to say of the Cleansers:

Your job, Sanitarian, is plain! * You must wipe away those slums, that filth, these diseases. You shall work in the darkness while others sleep. None shall know of your labour, no one shall thank you. You shall die forgotten.

But if the Cleanser shall never win fame, he will have the joy of knowing that through his toil the slum will become a garden. It is a great thing for science to make a world clean for man to dwell in; and science can do it, if all of us help and enlist under the banner of Sir Ronald Ross and his knights of cleansing, the devoted Scavengers of the World.

We are reminded, as we write, of one of the beautiful little tales of the Bible—those two verses in which we are told that:

There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it.

Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

Nobody remembered the poor wise man. It is one of the most perfect little stories in the world, and its fifty words have a lesson for us all. What we can do, at any rate, is to see that we do not forget our wise men, those who, while others are enjoying fame and power, seek and strive to save that without which the human race is lost.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Bravery of It

AN ancient professor of Greek says he has made a study of the decline and fall of the human beard, and is certain the beard will return as an ornament to the face. We like to think of this courageous persistence of the beard after so many close shaves.

A Battleship Story

SOMETIMES we think the world wonderful and sometimes we think it mad. Here is a little fact which is interesting both ways.

Fifteen years ago the Dominion of New Zealand gave the British Empire a battleship, and this year there are two items concerning it in New Zealand's financial accounts. One is a cheque for £20,000 from the ship-breakers who are breaking up the battleship for scrap; the other is the £82,000 which is being paid every year as the cost of the battleship which is now on the scrap heap!

Will those who do not believe in the League of Nations please note?

The Poor Woman at the Shop Window

ALTHOUGH she was hurrying along through the streets, anxious to be home with her children, the shabby woman stopped every now and then before the bright light of a shop and gazed at the things in the window. These things were toys, for she never paused before any other shop.

She knew it was foolish to look at those toys. What is the use of looking at things we want very much but cannot afford? It only makes matters worse. Far better not to look; far better to pretend there are no such things. But the shabby woman continued to look, continued to want some of those toys very badly, and continued to wonder whether she might not afford to buy out of her few shillings some of the very smallest of them.

A rich woman came out of one of these shops with a number of parcels in her arm. As she moved towards the car waiting at the kerb for her she dropped something. It was a little parcel. The shabby woman picked it up and ran after her. "You've dropped one of your parcels, ma'am," she said. "Thank you," said the rich woman; "thank you very much."

And as the shabby woman hurried home she said to herself: "It was one of those woolly lambs. I could feel it. Wouldn't baby have loved it!"

The Turnip

IT is told of a candidate for Parliament that, having a turnip thrown at him while he was addressing an open-air meeting, he quietly stooped, picked it up, examined it, stroked it compassionately, and remarked regretfully: "I see that one of my opponents has lost his head."

The question is, Was it a soft answer? We leave it to the next meeting of the Debating Society.

The Allies Who Celebrate Peace

LORD CECIL has just said something which we should do well to remember and repeat as often as we can:

History shows that international morality is almost always the worse for war.

Lying, swindling, and stealing are the Great Allies who celebrate peace, and prepare the world for another war to end war.

It is a case of the dogs of war being followed by the cats of peace. True peace does not come from war, but from Christianity.

Tip-Cat

MR. ROBERT LYND thinks strikes make life more interesting. Especially when the strike hits somebody else.

OUR comic song-writers are said to be the worst paid people in the world. We suggest that they go on strike.

LONDON streets are said to be more dangerous than coal mines. And there is no coal in them, though everybody has plenty of scuttles.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If General Bruce
will Mount
Everest

they do wrong, when it gets them into them.

A WELSH schoolboy has been found to have his heart on the right side. Better than having it on the wrong one.

SEVERAL summer birds are arriving from overseas. We hope they will not bring foul weather.

A MUSICIAN finds the piano is not a perfect instrument. It is made up so much of half-notes.

Proud Man

IN writing of some ancient and beautiful Spanish shawls, a traveller has observed that "many of the colours can never be reproduced."

It is very odd, and we must be modest. There are still some things which proud Man cannot do. He cannot cure a cold, and he cannot get the exact shade of a colour he desires. To preserve his dignity he must cease to want those colours, and cultivate a strong affection for a bad cold.

Ambition

I do not ever wish to be

As rich as Rothschild or Ricardo,
But O if fate had given to me

The heart of Knutsford or Barnardo!

Good-Morning, Everybody

By Somebody Down in Devon

THE world is a beautiful place, and morning is the happiest time of all.

During the long night the moor has been sleeping. I see it a great dark blue stretch from my window; and when I wake it is as if something wonderful had happened. And so it has: the daily miracle of the dawn.

Driver, our hamlet, is early astir. The whistling song of the farm boys blends with the birds' song as I dress. There is that saucy robin on the garden wall, cocking an eye toward my table. "Run away for five minutes, Robin, and sing in the tree-tops. It is not yet breakfast-time." No sooner is he gone than it seems a golden leaf has fallen through the skies and alighted on the gate-post. It is the yellow-hammer, who flies up and is gone. Then a flash of wings, and there alights what the boys call a dish-washer and I call a water-wagtail.

Betty Goes to the Post

But I cannot watch the birds any longer. I run downstairs and out—first to the stables. There I find Betty, who scampers down to the post with copy for the Editor of the C.N. She knows the way and stops herself at the door, and before I can rap twice with my crop the postmistress comes out smiling—"Something more for the C.N.?"

Just now Betty has her head in the manger. She gives me one look as much as to say, "I'm busy now, you see," then goes on eating in that nice, neat way that horses have.

And such a bustle is there in the farmyard! The ducks are talking about it, swimming hard round and round the pond. One of the guinea-fowl must have a fight, to show how grand he is. Scream, scream; flutter, flutter; then the ridiculous birds, after chasing the sedate hens, take a flying sweep over the barn roof.

Eggs and Milk

Remote from all this pretty noise and bustle are three other warm, feathery bodies, sitting in dark places, motionless, absorbed. Life is growing and moving in the eggs under their gentle weight. "Good-morning, little mothers. Sit still and be happy. Your broods will soon be cheeping round your feet."

The shippon doors are open, and I can hear the milk squirting into the pails. I can walk behind the stalls down the length of the long building and round the angle to the home of the tiny calves—a long line of brown heads stretched up to the sweet-smelling hay.

"Good-morning!" say they all. "Moo—moo!" "Is that my brekker?" say the tiny calves. "Coming," says a voice in the yard. Three pails appear with milk and meal for the babies who cannot drink yet, but have to suck the kind fingers held down in the pail, and so get their food.

Then out they go into the pastures, some to this, some to that. It is half-past eight, and the day lies before them. Happy day, and happy world!

THE SLAVES OF LIVERPOOL

THE TALE THE OLD CELLAR BRINGS TO MIND

How the Port Grew Rich from the Traffic in Lives

CHILDREN BOUGHT AND SOLD

The reference in a recent C.N. to the bad old days when Liverpool, like many other places in Little Treasure Island, was building up its prosperity on the trade in human lives, has given rise to much discussion in the northern city, and writers in Liverpool papers have declared that "no slaves were ever landed in Liverpool with the exception of about three, and these were specially brought in as gentlemen's servants, being quite free to come and go as they pleased." So say Mr. Robert Gladstone and Mr. Heaton Wakefield. We are afraid their pleasant words do not greatly convince us. We wish the facts were as they state, but we sadly fear they are not.

A Terrible Traffic

We can quite sympathise with the desire of the citizens of a noble city to free their name from the stigma of this terrible traffic, but we are afraid the facts are very much against our critics. Everybody knows that even Mr. Gladstone's family owed its prosperity in life largely to the slave trade.

We refer our Liverpool critics to a very exhaustive history of the Liverpool slave trade by Mr. Gomer Williams, who had access to original sources of information never before tapped, and quotes page after page of facts from contemporary documents. He points out that this is a subject "which, for reasons that may be guessed, has been but lightly touched upon by most local writers."

Shackles and Neck-Collars for Sale

From 1750, when an Act of Parliament was passed "for extending and improving the trade to Africa belonging to Liverpool," the Slave Trade became one of the most lucrative branches of the port's commerce. Fast-sailing vessels specially adapted for this trade were built in the shipbuilding yards on the banks of the Mersey, and Mr. Williams tells us that "soon the odour of the human shambles began to mix with that of tar and rum in the docks of Liverpool."

The insignia of the men-stealers were boldly offered for sale in the shops and warehouses, and advertised in the papers. For instance, in 1756, the following articles suitable for a Guinea voyage were advertised to be sold "by auction at the Merchants' Coffee House:

One iron furnace and copper, 27 caps with bottles, 83 pairs of shackles, 11 neck-collars, 22 handcuffs for the travelling chain, 4 long chains for the slaves, 54 rings, 2 travelling chains, 1 corn mill, 7 four-pound basons, 6 two-pound basons, 3 brass pans, 28 kegs of gunpowder, 12 cartouche boxes, 1 iron ladder, 1 small basket of flints.

Regular Sales by Auction

In a Liverpool paper of May 27, 1757, another lot was advertised:

One large negro hearth with 2 iron furnaces, 1 copper ditto for 450 slaves, a decoction copper kettle, ditto pan, a pair of shackles, chains, neck-collars, and handcuffs, 1 iron furnace, 245 gallons, with a lead top, sufficient to boil ten barrels of liquor.

One street in Liverpool was nicknamed Negro Row, and slaves were from time to time sold by auction in the shops, warehouses, and coffee-houses, and also on the steps to the main entrance of the Customs House. In an auctioneer's bill of the period we find, "Twelve pipes of raisin wine, two boxes of bottled

GIVING THE DOCTOR HIS DUE

It seems a very little while ago that the doctors were saying that they must have more than 8s. 6d. for each panel patient; that the Minister of Health was saying they could not have it; and the Insurance Societies were saying they could not and would not pay it.

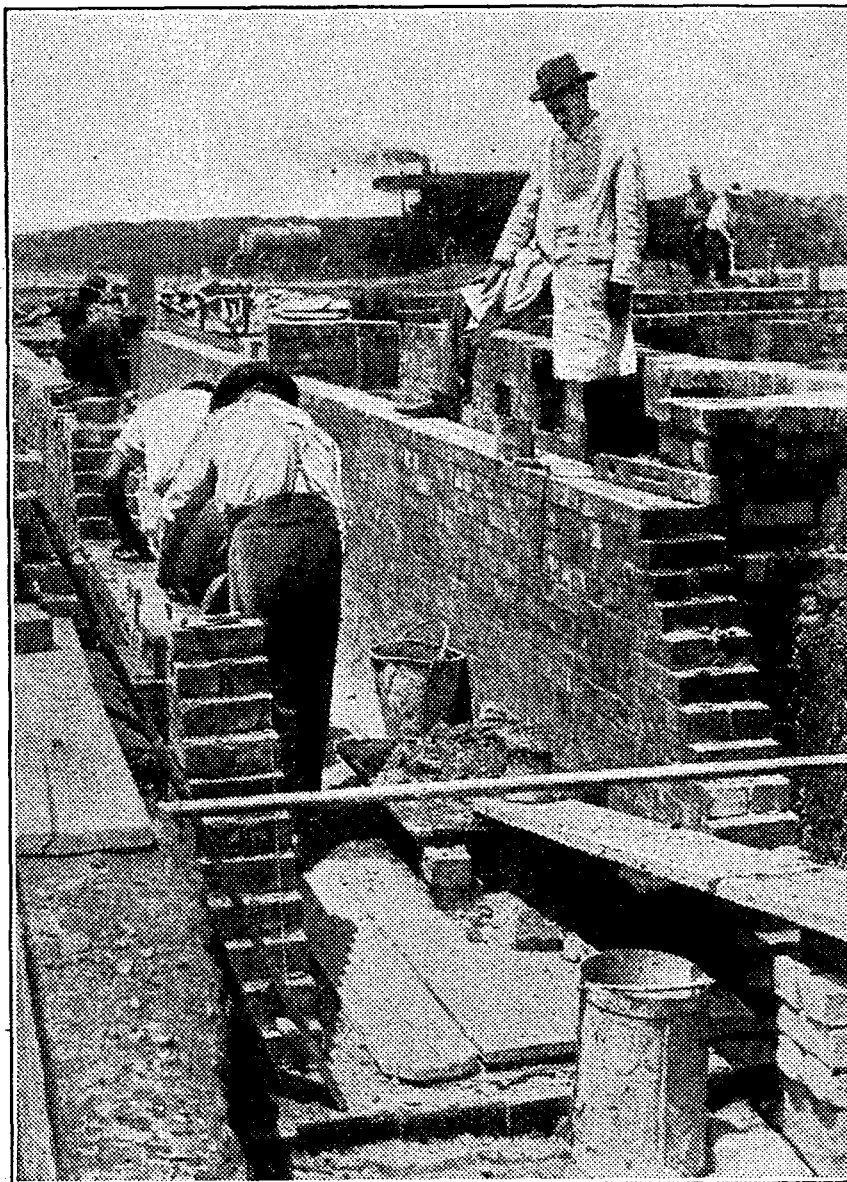
Yet now Parliament has accepted a Bill in which, by agreement of all the parties, the doctors are to have 9s., without the tax-payers paying any more than before, and without the Insurance Societies doing what they so strongly objected to do—raiding the funds they had accumulated for extra medical benefits for their members.

The change shows once more what can be done when the parties to a dispute will come together and discuss their differences quietly and listen amicably to one another's point of

view. First of all, a special committee of inquiry decided that the doctors ought to have 9s. Then the Minister of Health and the Societies agreed in conference that the money could be found from three sources: the money accumulating in Government hands through people buying insurance stamps and never claiming the benefits to which they were entitled; the interest earned, by funds handed by the Societies to the Government for investment, over and above the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent they are entitled to; and 2d. per head from the Societies' funds (not those set aside for extra benefits) in recognition of work done for them by the Department for which they had hitherto paid nothing at all.

So everybody is satisfied and common sense has prevailed.

AUSTRALIA'S NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE



Mr. Stewart, the Federal Minister for Works and Railways, watching the building of the new Australian Parliament House at Canberra, the Federal capital of the Commonwealth, which is only now beginning to be laid out

cyder, six sacks of flour, three negro men, two negro women, two negro boys, and one negro girl."

In Williamson's Advertiser in 1763 appears this terrible advertisement:

To be sold by auction at George's Coffee-house, betwixt the hours of six and eight o'clock, a very fine negro girl about eight years of age; very healthy.

At the Exchange Coffee House on September 12, 1766, were sold eleven Negroes. As a matter of fact, slaves were regularly sold by auction in Liverpool, and once when an actor at the Theatre Royal was hissed by a Liverpool audience for being drunk on the stage, he steadied himself and cried with offended majesty: "I have not come here to be insulted by a set of wretches, every brick in whose miserable town is cemented with an African's blood!" In eleven years (from 1783) 878

slave ships belonging to Liverpool imported to the West Indies 303,737 slaves, whose market value was over 15 million pounds, and the net proceeds to Liverpool from this business totalled over 12 million pounds.

Liverpool business men drew an annual profit from the slave trade of £260,132 6s. 8d. during these 11 years.

This great annual return of wealth, says a writer of those days, pervaded the whole town, increasing the fortunes of the principal adventurers, and contributing to the support of the majority of the inhabitants.

The C.N. does not suggest that Liverpool was more guilty of this traffic than many other towns; but there can be no doubt that the great northern city had an abundant share of the revenues from the most ghastly business that has stained the good name of our race.

TROUBLE IN THE PANAMA CANAL

LITTLE CREATURE UNDOING MAN'S WORK

How the Mischievous Clam is Destroying the Channel

WHY THE LAND SLIDES

There is trouble at Panama. The cement bottom and the sea walls of the great canal are being perforated and destroyed, and scientific experts are at their wits' end to know what to do to stop the ruin.

The mischief-maker is the clam, or *Pholas calva*, a little mollusc with a two-valved shell, which bores holes in the cement just as the British pholas, to which it is related, does in the sandstone and limestone rocks round our coasts.

Every now and then a little island had bobbed up in the middle of the canal, and no one was able to explain why. Some thought a landslide must have occurred and dislodged the cement bed so as to allow a slab of earth to rise.

Tunnelling Through the Rock

It is now known that the clam is the culprit. It tunnels through rock and concrete again and again, until one or the other is riddled and perforated and broken up, and the earth is then let through and forced up, forming the islands, and so blocking traffic.

Not only at Panama is the pest at work; it is also honeycombing the viaduct of the Florida East Coast Railway, which runs from the mainland of Florida for ninety miles out to the sea, over the little islets known as Keys, which are linked together by concrete embankments. Many wharves, too, along the coast, are suffering from the clam's activities, and it is gradually carrying destruction northward into colder waters. Where and when its depredations will be arrested no one is able to say.

A Mysterious Landslide

The discovery of the clam's work came about in this way. Several ordinary landslides had occurred, and to prevent a repetition certain hills were levelled so that they could no longer slide down by their own weight towards the canal.

The work was finished, and the engineers congratulated themselves on their success, when lo! one morning, an island popped up in the middle of the channel, and at the same time a cavernous hole was revealed in the bank near by. Here was something quite new and mysterious in landslides.

Presently the dredgers brought up great lumps of concrete, and these were found to be riddled with holes. Then everything became clear, for wedged in some of these holes were the clams, which had made the tunnels by using their shells as a rasp, turning from side to side while they held on to the rock or concrete with their foot, as it is called.

A Million Eggs a Year

The creature, of course, has lived for centuries along the coasts, but no one dreamed that it would be carried into the canal with such disturbing results. It multiplies at an extraordinary rate, one female clam producing about a million eggs a year, and these hatch very rapidly. The baby clam swims about for a week or two, and then, attaching itself to the rocky wall or bottom, begins boring and starting a family of its own. Its object in boring is, of course, protection for itself and family, but man has to suffer.

Already damage to the extent of £200,000 has been done by the clam, and so serious is the outlook that one journal declares that "from present indications science admits we are in for a losing fight." We, however, have more faith in science, and feel sure that she will find a remedy.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, INVENTOR

ONE OF THE FIRST
THINGS THAT HE DID
Unsinkable Boat of the Man
who Saved the Ship of State
ACCIDENT WHICH SET
HIM THINKING

Abraham Lincoln saved the Ship of State from sinking in the Civil War; but few people know that one of the first things he ever did was actually to patent a vessel that could not sink.

A writer has just reminded the world of this interesting fact and that the model of the vessel which Lincoln made with his own hands is still preserved in the National Museum at Washington.

The boat, which appears to have been cut with a knife out of a cigar-box or a piece of boarding, is about 18 inches long, and bears the inscription:

6469, Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois. Improvement in method of lifting vessels over shoals. Patented May 22, 1849.

A Boat with Bellows

The device consisted of bellows placed on each side of the hull, just below the water-line, and worked by a system of ropes and pulleys. When the keel was heard or felt to grate against the sandy obstruction in the bed of the river, the bellows were to be filled with air, and the vessel thus buoyed up would float over the shoal.

Although this invention was patented only in 1849, the idea originated many years earlier, when an accident in the Mississippi set young Abraham Lincoln thinking. He was about 22 at the time, and a trader who had been disappointed by a boat-builder asked Lincoln what he should do.

"Build a boat at once," was the prompt reply.

"Can you build a boat?" asked the trader.

"Of course I can," replied Abraham; "and have it ready in three weeks."

Saving the Vessel

So the order was given, and the boat was ready to time. A cargo of pork and corn was taken on board, and the voyage began down the Mississippi to New Orleans. All went well until, just below New Salem, the boat struck a mill-dam and stuck fast.

For one night and the best part of a day the boat remained with one end hanging over the dam and the other end submerged in the water. It looked like becoming a wreck, and the merchant was at his wits' end, but Abraham Lincoln kept very cool.

"We must borrow a boat and transfer the cargo," he said; and when this was done he bored a large hole in the bottom of the bow of his own vessel that extended over the dam. Then he rigged up a kind of derrick, by the aid of which he raised the sunken stern, and, keeping it in that position, allowed the water to run out of the hole.

Three Cheers for Abe Lincoln

Next he stopped up the hole and then managed to push the boat over the dam into the deep pool on the other side, amid the admiring cheers of the crowd which had gathered on the bank.

"Three cheers for Abe Lincoln!" they shouted. "He's the only man living who could have done that."

It was this incident that first set Lincoln thinking on the subject of unsinkable boats, but the project might never have been realised but for an experience twenty years later.

He was travelling from Niagara to his home in Springfield, and made part of the journey in a boat. This became stranded in shallow water, and had to be prised free by means of a pole and a rope and winch.

When Lincoln reached home he at once began scheming to make a boat that could ride over the shoals in the Ameri-

BOOKS OF CLAY LIBRARY THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD

Wonderful Discovery Near
Ancient Babylon

DIGGING OUT THE PALACE OF KISH

Almost every day something happens which makes us say: "This is a very wonderful world, and ours is a very wonderful age."

Today this strange thing has happened; a library has been dug out of the earth, in the ruins of Kish, an ancient town near the site of Babylon. Professor Langdon and Mr. Mackay are superintending some excavations which are being made there.

The early historians of Babylon, who wrote their records on tablets of clay, said that Kish was founded soon after the Flood, and they put down the Flood as having happened about 5500 B.C. Of this most ancient town nothing but a heap of mounds remains, but, digging among them, the excavators have discovered the city bounds, and they tell us that Kish, enclosed by a wall, was about five miles long and two miles wide. The mounds inside the ancient city wall hide the secrets of the earliest known people of historic times.

Pictures Chiselled on the Wall

These people were of a very warlike tribe; their chief god was the god of war; and most of the pictures scratched and chiselled on the fragments of walls unearthed deal with the old story of a bloodthirsty king and his conquests.

But now the excavators have come across the remains of a palace, with decorations on the walls and pillars; and a collection of written tablets—dictionaries and records—a royal library of ancient days.

We think of a library as a collection of printed books, with perhaps a number written by hand before the art of printing was discovered. But long before men wrote on paper they wrote on parchment; and before that on papyrus; and before that on lumps of clay; and before that on lumps of stone. And so we get back to the very beginning of the world's history recorded by human beings.

This library that has been discovered promises to supply information that archaeologists are always hunting for about the history and development of a certain kind of writing called cuneiform. This was largely used by the ancient Assyrians and Babylonians, and consisted of wedge-shaped characters.

Writing on Soft Clay

In the earliest records the writing was pictographic—that is to say, the words were pictures, scratched on stone. When clay tablets began to be used the writing, done on the soft clay, became simpler and simpler, the picture part of the characters slowly disappearing. This was called cuneiform writing, and was in use in the East almost till the time of Jesus Christ.

We have in the British Museum many clay tablets, and can see these things for ourselves. The earliest writing, the pictographic, is naturally rarer, as it belongs to a period of the world's history of which very few traces have been found. No one has yet found the beginning, the explanation of the picture alphabet, and its development.

But the past is being dug out of the earth in a most wonderful way, and some day we may see a picture of the first piece of writing ever made.

Continued from the previous column
can rivers. He then roughed out the model vessel which now rests in the National Museum at Washington. A friend of his, a lawyer, thought the idea so good that he arranged for the patent; but Lincoln became interested in politics. Had politics not claimed him, who knows that he might not have become a famous inventor.

Q.R.T

Humanity First in the Air

WIRELESS APPEAL FOR SILENCE

Among all the wonders of wireless none has more impressed our Canadian correspondent than an experience he recently had in the Eastern States.

It was a Saturday night. The air around was thronged with a myriad broadcasts—lectures, concerts, speeches, dance music—some of them from thousands of miles away, when suddenly an imperious signal from the Government Naval Station pierced the ether from Mexico to Labrador. It was—Q R T—Q R T—Q R T, the wireless signal to clear the air.

Somewhere out in the Atlantic a faint SOS signal had been picked up from a ship in distress, but no detail of its position had followed.

For over an hour a hundred thousand anxious listeners hung eagerly on their telephones to catch word of the vessel, and finally her location came through, ships dashed to the rescue, and the great broadcasting stations resumed the release of their belated programmes.

"Humanity first" is the law of the air as well as of the sea, as that hour of strained but wonderful silence showed.

THE CHARABANC

Kent to Guard Its Quiet Lanes

The charabanc will soon be out again, and we wish many happy summer rides to all who use it wisely. But for those who abuse the charabanc the Kent County Council has passed a very welcome law.

The council has decreed that the blowing of any horn, or the use of any other noisy instrument, or the making of any loud singing or outcry, shall involve risk of a fine for each offender.

A little thought and a little imagination will convince everybody that this call for quiet is a reasonable thing. Charabancs are seen in great numbers on the Kent roads, as on the roads near all our great industrial hives. The cars themselves make noise enough in what used to be the quiet countryside, and, though some may like to hear a good chorus well sung, no one can like the constant shriek of "horns and noisy instruments."

In this crowded island of ours those who are careless of each other's feelings in such matters proclaim themselves bad citizens, and make life harder and more nerve-racking for their neighbours than it need be. Neighbourliness is an essential virtue everywhere.

880 MILES OF CORN

Handling Canada's Great Harvest

The Canadian Pacific Railway achieved new triumphs in the handling of the year's grain crop.

In the three autumn months it handled 116,000 grain cars, or enough to have made a train 880 miles long. To do this 670 huge freight locomotives were employed, with 175 shunting engines.

If this immense quantity of grain were heaped up on one acre lots it would make three mountains a mile high. If it were dumped into a river bed 100 feet wide and five feet deep, and flowed by at the rate of a mile an hour, it would take three and a half days to pass a given point. Were the wheat alone made into loaves of bread and the loaves piled end to end a wall would be formed across Canada twelve feet high.

This, of course, does not represent anything like the total crop of the great Dominion. The Canadian National Railway hauls almost as much grain as the C.P.R., and there are still millions of bushels in storage. The total value of Canada's 1923 field crop is estimated at 185 million pounds.

CLOVER AND HIS MASTER

HORSE 50 YEARS OLD

A Bag of Bones that Grew
Sleek and Beautiful

AMERICA PENSIONS AN ANIMAL

There is a horse living in America today who was born in 1873. His name is Clover; he is a big, bay horse, standing about 16 hands, and weighing about 1100 pounds.

Thirty-five years ago a minister, Dr. Uriah Myers, who lives in Pennsylvania, was looking for a horse to draw his "buggy"—a light trap—when he went to see members of his congregation who lived a long way out. He happened to see a cousin of his in Philadelphia, and told him, "I have just the thing for you," said the cousin. "I haven't had him long. He's no great shakes of a horse, but he'll draw your buggy all right. He's oldish—fifteen—but not too old."

Dr. Myers was then shown a tall, bony horse, sick looking, with all his ribs standing out, a sad sight for an animal lover to contemplate.

"Poor boy!" said the minister, patting the scraggy neck. "What you want is a home."

A Bit of Care and Love

When the horse arrived at Dr. Myers's house, his friends looked at him and said, "Say, pastor, what are you going to do with that bundle of bones?" "Give him a bran mash to begin with," smiled the minister, "and then a big bit of care and love."

The bundle of bones slowly began to change his appearance. He grew sleek and beautiful, showing that lovely length of shoulder and powerful flank that fast-racing, jumping horses have.

After Clover had been drawing the pastor's buggy for about six years, he happened to be seen by a stranger in a blacksmith's shop. The stranger recognised him as one of the breed of finest speed horses America has produced.

By that time Clover was at an age when many horses have to be taken off the active service list. But the bay horse went on doing his work, quiet, happy, season after season.

All America Helps

Presently the time came when good Dr. Myers, too, became old, and had to lay down his public work. His pension was small (very kind people rarely grow rich), and the congregation told him he ought to sell that old bag of bones now, and spend his money on food for himself.

"Sell Clover!" cried the old parson and his wife in one voice. "Never! Clover stood by us, and we shall stand by him. He shall share our last crust!"

Here a wonderful thing happened. The story of Clover got into a New York paper, and lovers of horses all over the States sent kind letters and money to Dr. Myers, saying, "This is for Clover. Don't kill him or sell him. Let him be happy to the end."

So now Clover is pensioned. He is to dream out his days with his good friend and master. The C.N. sends a special greeting to them, and hopes their last years will be happy.

THE GREATEST MEN

A University's Selection

The faculty of Washington University was recently asked to name eighteen men who had made the greatest contributions to learning.

Benjamin Franklin was the only American they selected, other well-known names being Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, Moses, Homer, Newton, Galileo, Darwin, Plato, Gutenberg, Beethoven, and Pasteur.

ALL FOR A SHILLING

BEST MONTH'S READING IN ENGLAND

The New C.N. Monthly and the Good Things it Contains

JANE AUSTEN AND HER BOOKS

The brightest messenger of the month is once more on the bookstalls with its wonderful array of offerings for all.

Those who have not yet seen the C.N. monthly are asked to make sure of a copy now, and join the happy band of people who eagerly look forward to the fifteenth of each month.

The variety of contents of My Magazine is amazing, as the paragraphs that follow will indicate.

The Books that Lord Macaulay Loved

Lord Macaulay had been reading Jane Austen one day, and he was so thrilled with delight that he wished he had time to write Jane Austen's life and, from the sale of it, raise a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral.

If you have not read any of her charming, witty books you have missed a treat that was enjoyed by many other great men besides Lord Macaulay—by Scott, Southey, and Coleridge.

If you have not read any of these books you could not have a better introduction to them than by way of the article in My Magazine, which tells of Jane Austen's beautiful personality. If her works are familiar to you, then you will enjoy the article all the more.

The Laws of the Animal Kingdom

Parliaments are continually making new laws and revising old ones to suit the changing conditions of life. But, after all, we are only human, and laws are being broken every day, some through ignorance of their existence, and others, alas, deliberately.

In the Animal World they have laws, too. All Nature's kingdom obeys the laws which millions of years of custom, habit, or instinct have laid down.

The animals are far more obedient than Man the Rebel, as will be seen from the article on this subject in the May number of the C.N. monthly.

The Gold Candlestick of Jerusalem

We read in the Bible directions for the building of the Tabernacle, and for making what has come to be known as the Gold Candlestick of Jerusalem, the lovely symbol of a city that went down into darkness and ruin.

In the old days of the tent tabernacle one candlestick was made, but when Solomon built his Temple he made ten candlesticks of gold.

The story of the Gold Candlesticks is, in fact, the story of the Children of Israel down to the time of the sack of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70.

In My Magazine will be found an interesting suggestion concerning the whereabouts of the last of these Gold Candlesticks.

The Thrilling Life of a Diver

Deep down in the waters of Scapa Flow there lies the once proud and mighty German fleet that must have cost seventy million pounds.

Divers are going down in search of this scrap metal—for that is all this great armada is worth calling now—and they will bring it to the surface.

Have you ever given a thought to the work of the diver many feet below the surface of the water—the difficulties he has to contend with, the life he meets down there?

Let My Magazine take you for a living expedition, and give you an idea of this hazardous work.

There is not space here to dwell on all the contents of this wonderful magazine, but there are many other articles besides those mentioned, with stories and poems and puzzles, and pictures in abundance, in colours, photogravure, and black and white.

Ask for My Magazine

QUICKENING UP NATURE

Science Helps Plants to Grow by Night

DOUBLING THE OUTPUT

In the old days men could work only so long as the daylight lasted, but with the coming of gas and electric light factories could, when need arose, work night shifts.

Now the same principle is being applied to plants, and these are, by means of electric light, being put on night shifts. Scientific research has revealed the fact that plants may be made to grow under the rays of electric lamps as under the rays of the Sun, but with the astonishing difference that under electric light many plants grow twice the size and far more rapidly than in daylight.

Exhaustive experiments have been made with twelve varieties of flowers and twelve vegetables, half the plants living normal lives, the other half exposed to the sun during the day and under 500-watt electric lamps at night. Professor Hugh Findlay, of Columbia University, was in charge of the experiments, and he says that the plants which were kept working night and day were twice as far advanced in growth as those that received only sunlight.

At the laboratory of the Thompson Institute for Plant Research, the experiments were carried still farther. There, not only were the plants put on the night shift with the aid of electric light, but artificial weather conditions were also made to order, temperatures being raised or lowered, and the supply of carbon dioxide also regulated.

The proportions of light and heat supplied by the electric lamps had to be carefully regulated. Sunlight gives 37 per cent of light and 63 per cent of heat, but the electric light gives light in the proportion of only 7 per cent to 93 per cent of heat. If these differences were not allowed for, the plants in the greenhouses would be baked up, but to reduce the heat from the lamps the light is filtered through two glass plates between which a stream of cold water is constantly running. In this way the proportions of light and heat are brought much nearer to those of sunlight.

1000 MILLIONS

What Germany Has Paid

The Reparations Commission has published a balance-sheet of payments made by Germany to the Allies for reparations since the war up to the last day of last year.

Some people are under the impression that Germany has been paying little or nothing. The facts are that she has been paying in cash, kind, and property for the costs of the armies of occupation, French, Belgian, and British, and besides that has paid substantial sums for damages, the total being £1,341,694,500.

Of this amount the Allies have received in the following proportions:

Belgium	£722,955,000
Serbia	£131,000,000
Great Britain	£26,800,000
France	£94,888,000
Japan	£33,802,000

Doubtless she might have paid more, but her payments have been great.

BOON TO ENGINEERS

Instrument that Measures Pile Driving

A British engineer, Mr. A. S. E. Ackermann, has invented an instrument which draws on a paper chart the exact distance a steam hammer drives a huge wooden pile into the earth at each blow.

When piles are being driven by a hammer from a floating barge or pontoon, the depth of the drive is difficult to determine, but it is necessary that it should be known by the engineers; hence the value of Mr. Ackermann's invention.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Who was Harpagon?

Harpagon is the miser in Molière's comedy, called *L'Avare*.

How did Beachy Head Get its Name?

Beachy Head means Beauchef, fine head or headland, and is a reminder of Norman-French days.

What does Zeitgeist Mean?

It is a German word, and means the spirit of the times—that is, the drift of thought and feeling in a given period.

What are Sastrugi?

This is a term used in Siberia for flutings or ridges of wind-blown snow running parallel with the direction of the air currents.

What is a Salmon-berry?

This is a popular name in America for the species of flowering raspberry known botanically as *Rubus parviflorus*. It has white flowers.

What is the Colour of the Lion?

The usual colour of the adult lion is yellowish brown, but it may vary from a deep red or a chestnut-brown to an almost silvery grey.

To Whom does Wei-hai-wei Now Belong?

Wei-hai-wei was a British colony leased by China in 1898, but handed back to China as the result of the Washington Conference of 1921, which considered Pacific problems.

Do Negroes Blush?

Yes; Darwin says the small vessels of the face become filled with blood from the emotion of shame in almost all the races of men, though in the very dark races no distinct change of colour can be perceived.

Why does Meat Taken from the Oven Cool More Quickly than Baked Potatoes?

Because its specific heat is less; that is, the amount of heat necessary to raise it to the same temperature as the potatoes is less, and the total amount of heat is therefore given up in less time.

What Does Copec Mean?

Copec is what is known as a portmanteau word made up of initials, like Anzac, and stands for the Conference on Christian Politics, Economics, and Citizenship, a body made up of representatives of various Churches and Christian societies.

Are the Northern Lights Visible in Scotland?

The northern lights, or aurora borealis, are sometimes seen in the south of England, but are much more frequently seen in the North of Scotland. They do not, however, often appear as beautiful curtains or festoons, as in the Arctic.

What is the Teapot Dome?

The Teapot Dome is an oilfield in Natrona County, Wyoming, situated amid barren hills and desolate rocks. It has been gushing oil for about twenty years, and it is estimated will yield another thirty million barrels. It is the centre of the American political oil scandals.

Do Horses Suffer from Foot and Mouth Disease?

Occasionally. This disease, however, mainly affects cattle, sheep, and pigs, though other animals, including even man, sometimes suffer from it. Most diseases are confined more or less to one or two species of animals, though why this should be we cannot say.

Why do Flowers Have Different Scents?

The odours of flowers are due to special kinds of essences, or oils, which the plants make within themselves, and, though there is a kind of family resemblance, these oils vary in different plants; that is, their chemical construction is different, and some of the characteristics are therefore different.

Why is Porcelain Called China?

China is short for china-ware, and this name was given to pottery in the eighteenth century because a good deal of beautiful pottery was coming from China at that time. There is no reason to suppose that pottery-ware originated in China. We know from Jeremiah that six hundred years or more before Jesus was born pottery was quite familiar in Palestine.

What is Nitrogen?

Nitrogen is an invisible gas without odour or taste, which neither burns nor supports combustion. It forms 79 per cent of the atmosphere, diluting the oxygen and making normal and comfortable life possible. It will not easily combine with other substances except hydrogen, magnesium, and a few metals, but, though so inert itself, some of its compounds are quite the reverse, for all explosives are compounds of nitrogen. Nitrogen is one of the chemical elements; it is non-metallic, and plays an important part in the lives of plants and animals.

THE GIANT VEGA

BRILLIANT STAR IN THE NORTH-EAST

White-Hot Furnace Wrapped in Fiery Vapour

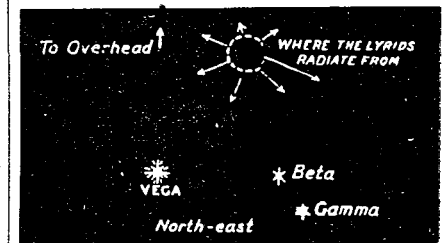
EXPECTED SHOWER OF METEORS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

A very brilliant and sparkling star may be observed low down in the north-east sky about 9 p.m. This, as many of us know, is Vega.

By 11 o'clock it has risen about midway between the north-east horizon and overhead. No other star is as bright in that region.

Vega is the chief star in the little constellation of Lyra, the Lyre, and is a solitary sun, as far as is known, of the Sirian type. Its white-hot interior furnace is enveloped in fiery vapours of the metallic elements at a white heat of terrific intensity—from 10,000°



Where to look for next week's meteors in the evening

to 11,000° Centigrade—about twice the heat of our Sun. This, in turn, is enclosed in upper layers of other, but lighter, fiery gases, chiefly flaming calcium and flaming hydrogen.

Though, up to the present, it has not been actually measured, an idea of its immense size may be gathered from the fact that Vega radiates about a hundred times more light and heat into space than our Sun, which, were he as far off as Vega, would appear almost as faint as the faintest stars visible to the naked eye.

Vega is nearly 2,300,000 times as far from us as our Sun, its light taking 34 years and 8 months to get here; so actually it is a much larger sun than Sirius, which is only one quarter the distance away.

There are many celestial wonders of great interest in this little constellation of the Lyre, but it needs to be much higher in the sky to see them. It is, moreover, to the part of the sky close to, and to the right of, Vega that our Earth, the Sun, and all the solar system are travelling, so, ages hence, this lovely star will tend to appear more and more brilliant, to rival Sirius, and become the Pole Star of the heavens.

A Dash Through the Meteors

But this region of the sky will have a still greater interest next week, because it is the part whence the Lyrid Meteors are expected to come. The nights of April 20, 21, and 22 are the most likely on which they will appear, and our accompanying star map shows the point, in relation to Vega, whence they will appear to radiate.

Of course, they have no connection with Vega, and are actually as far from that star as we are; but when these meteors enter our atmosphere they are approaching us from that direction. They usually appear as bright and large streaks of light, and several may be seen in the course of two or three hours, if the right time is hit upon, when our world is dashing into the midst of them.

There are countless numbers of these meteoric particles flying through space, over a long track extending for many thousands of millions of miles, far out into space beyond the outermost limits of the visible solar system—in fact, throughout the orbit of the First Comet of 1861, now travelling away from us and out into those remote depths, to return again 350 years hence. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Mars rises about 3 a.m. Jupiter about midnight. Saturn is in the south-east of an evening, Venus in the west.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men
Among the Red Men

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 19

Cornstalk Decides

CORNSTALK raised his hand with a peremptory gesture. He said something in a quick, harsh tone of command that David had not heard before from the gentle old chief. Eagle Feather told him later that it was:

"Blackfish is not yet chief of the Shawnees!"

The man who had been threatening David with his hunting-knife put it suddenly back into his belt. Blackfish sat down, scowling, among the braves.

When the warriors had been completely quelled by Cornstalk's eyes, fierce and haughty as an eagle's, the chief spoke again.

"Speak your complaint."

Several warriors started to rise, but Blackfish was on his feet first.

His foster-father, with a stern gesture, bade him be seated again.

"You can have no complaint, for you have never seen the white boy before."

But Blackfish remained on his feet, his fierce black eyes flashing.

"Yes, my father, I have a complaint against all white men! What right have they in the country of the Indians? When they came only to hunt we made no protest. There was game enough for all. But now they come with ploughs and pickaxes, with their squaws and their paposes. They cut down the forest, and with great, booming guns, instead of the silent arrows of our forefathers, they frighten away the game they do not kill! Soon there will be no food for the Indian, and the red man, like the elk and the buffalo, will be driven out of the land in which he was so foolish as to receive the white man as his guest!"

Eagle Feather, with a fine instinct of fair play, kept up in a whisper a translation of Blackfish's speech for David's benefit.

In spite of himself, David was impressed. Till now he had only heard the white settler's side of the question.

And yet, as he listened to the passionate eloquence of Blackfish, and watched the play of feeling across his finely-cut, imperious features, he saw things differently.

"The white man, too, must live," said Cornstalk, in his grave voice. "When did the red man fail in hospitality to a guest?"

"Let the white man live in his own country, then," returned Blackfish. "Why should he come in his white-winged vessels across the great water to take the land that the Indian has held from the beginning?"

"The red man does not fail in hospitality. When the English first came the Indian took him gifts of meat and fowl and corn. Sometimes the white men had him stripped and beaten because the Indian had killed the meat on what they call their Sabbath!"

"When a guest reviles his host and steals the contents of his wigwam, then he is no longer guest, but enemy!"

Blackfish sat down amid an approving murmur.

David began to wonder if all the right was on the side of the settlers.

Cornstalk, also, sat brooding for a while. But when he spoke his voice was firm.

"I, Cornstalk, gave my word that the white man should go through the wilderness in peace. When has Cornstalk broken his oath?"

The hostile braves sat in sullen silence for a while; then one of them spoke:

"Cornstalk gave his word that the white man should go unmolested so long as he remained in friendship with the Indians. But now the white settlers have

sent their medicine man to work magic against us."

There was a stir among the warriors and a hostile murmur. Cornstalk turned gravely to his guest.

"What is this magic?" he asked.

For a moment David was at a loss to explain. He feared the simplicity of the trick by which he had frightened off the Indians would, when they understood it, make them feel he had been ridiculing them.

"Will you come with me into the tent, Cornstalk?" he asked boldly, at last. "I will show you alone."

Some of the Indians understood enough English to know what David was proposing. There was a terrified protest.

"The white medicine man will work magic against Cornstalk!" they cried.

Blackfish rose. "I will go with you, my father, and watch this magic."

He fixed on David his fierce and haughty eyes, and David felt a chill go through his limbs. This was going to be the most difficult audience he had ever performed for.

Blackfish fingered his scalping-knife, and David turned to Cornstalk.

"I ask your protection till I have shown you all my magic. My magic is not evil."

Cornstalk's only answer was a nod, but David felt reassured. The old chief rose, and, with his son and his white guest, went to the council house. Eagle Feather remained behind.

Once in the council house David reached out boldly and took Blackfish's own scalping-knife. He felt the haughty warrior grow rigid, but he said nothing.

David would have liked to take his tomahawk, too, from where it hung at his belt in entirely too convenient a place. But as he realised his own absolute helplessness in that hostile camp, he began to feel reckless and almost gay. He dared not think of the caravan he might never see again. He dared not think at all; he must only act.

With Blackfish's scalping-knife, therefore, he repeated the swallowing trick. Blackfish drew in his breath with a hiss as he saw it, but his keen eyes never wavered.

Not one of the three had spoken a word. Cornstalk had watched the trick with an expressionless face.

"I will do the trick again slowly," said David, addressing the chief. "Watch closely."

There is nothing more absurd than a sleight-of-hand trick done slowly. The warriors seated on the ground outside the council house suddenly heard a roar of laughter from within.

CHAPTER 20

Cornstalk Talks of Owaneeye

THEY looked at each other in consternation.

"The white medicine man has bewitched the chief and Blackfish. He has given them the laughing madness."

The squaws of the tribe who had gathered round on the outskirts of the warrior group began to wail and beat their heads.

Blackfish and Cornstalk bewitched!

Meantime inside the tent Cornstalk, his laughter over, sat for a time in meditation. Blackfish also sat silent, his eyes on the ground. David stood, with what calmness he could muster, waiting to see what his fate should be.

Cornstalk was the first to move. He struck a small drum that stood near him. It was made of a piece of skin stretched across a hollow gourd.

It was a minute or two before anyone answered the summons.

Then, pushed from behind, a terrified squaw entered through the

door flap. It was evident she expected to be struck dead immediately, for her reddish, sun-tanned face was pale with fright, her jaw hung comically down, her knees were visibly knocking together.

In spite of his own uneasiness, David smiled.

The old squaw evidently saw something sinister in the white boy's smile, for she fell instantly on her knees, and began to beg for mercy through her chattering teeth.

Blackfish watched her with an expressionless face.

"Bring food!" commanded Cornstalk, taking no notice of her perturbation. "Bring food and tobacco."

The old woman slipped backward through the tent flap.

"When we have eaten and smoked the pipe of peace we will talk," said the chief to David.

David had a sense of relief. This did not seem the prelude to death by torture.

But what of Blackfish?

The chief's adopted son sat still, his brooding eyes fixed on the ground, his black brows drawn down.

In a few minutes the squaw brought a steaming bowl of venison broth and maple sugar. Also, sidling fearfully up to David, she put into his hand a small object.

David looked at it.

It was a bear-tooth, curiously marked, and he recognised immediately that it had been taken from Eagle Feather's necklace.

Eagle Feather sent him greeting and sympathy! Once again David felt a warm sense of hope.

The white boy and the two royal Indians ate, still preserving their heavy silence.

When they had finished Cornstalk filled and lighted his pipe.

He passed it first to David, who, after a few ceremonial puffs, passed it back.

Cornstalk then passed the pipe with the same silent dignity to his adopted son, who, to David's surprise, took it instantly, and smoked for a minute or two.

What could mean this sudden change to friendliness on the part of Blackfish? Did he intend treachery? David listened for sounds of the Indians outside. He heard only a low murmur. It sounded perplexed rather than hostile. Inside the tent there was nothing to be heard but the slight gurgling sound as Blackfish drew the tobacco smoke through the pipe.

When he had finished and laid down the pipe, Cornstalk spoke.

"Owaneeye loves you, my son," he said to David.

The white boy knew that Owaneeye was the name given by the Indians to the Great Spirit, the God who cared for the red men, feeding them in times of famine, receiving

them, after death, to the happy hunting-ground in the land of ghosts.

"Owaneeye loves you," said Cornstalk. "He has made you strong and wise in the mastery of men. Only the ignorant believe that evil spirits are strong. It is not so, for they can be conquered by the strong man, and made his servants. How much more can Owaneeye master them!"

David did not quite understand what all this meant till Blackfish spoke.

"White boy! You are master of evil spirits. We laughed like women to see you force them to your bidding. I, Blackfish, have no fear of evil spirits. But the warriors, brave in battle, are like women before the spirits of the air and the earth and the fire. You shall become brother to the red man and medicine man to the chief."

Cornstalk nodded, and David realised what was in the minds of his two hosts. It was, he knew, a great honour they were offering him.

The Indian always felt himself superior to the white settlers, who were, it must be confessed, too often noisy and quarrelsome.

But David had no desire to become a member of the Shawnee tribe. He only wanted to complete his mission and return to his own people.

Yet he felt it would be taken as an affront if he refused too abruptly. So, with a grave bow to Cornstalk for permission to speak, he turned to Blackfish. This Indian, he felt, was the one to be conciliated.

"Red Brother," he said, "you do me too great an honour. Among my people are many who have as great a control as I over evil spirits."

"Not so," answered Blackfish. "You are quiet and of good judgment. Owaneeye loves such. But your white brothers are loud in talk and unjust in their actions."

"Why do you say that?" asked David.

A quiver passed over the bronze face of the Indian as he answered:

"The red man wished to be friends. What did the white man do? He killed my only son, so that my wife died of grief!"

David was shocked beyond measure at this news.

"No!" he cried. "The white man could not have done that! When did it happen?"

"One year ago!" answered Blackfish in a muffled voice, striving to control his feelings.

Then David, to his horror, understood. About eighteen months before, while the settlers were still in their homes in the backwoods town where he was born, Jake Simpson's youngest son, Lem, had gone out to seek a straying cow in the forest. He never returned. Six months later his bones were found with a tomahawk beside them.

A rage had swept the men of the town. Without making any attempt to find out who had killed the lad, they went out, led by Jake, to kill the first Indian they came across. David's father did all he could to prevent such an unjust proceeding, but it was no use. The men were crazed with anger and grief.

They came back, satisfied. They had killed a dozen Indians, and among them a boy just Lem's age.

"That boy must have been the son of Blackfish!" thought David. "Was there ever so wicked an example of lack of self-control?"

He felt a very sincere sympathy for Blackfish, whose strong face seemed frozen with grief. No wonder he hated the white man! But what was David to do? Could he avert the vengeance planned by Blackfish against the white man by becoming a member of the Shawnee tribe?

David had forgotten the braves murmuring outside the tent. But now he was aware that the murmur had increased in volume and become a threatening roar.

At that moment the tent flap flew open and the warriors crowded in, brandishing their tomahawks.

"Kill the white medicine man!" they shouted.

Who Was He?

A Great Benefactor

IN Northumberland more than 140 years ago a boy was born in a very humble sphere who was destined to confer upon mankind one of the greatest material benefits it has received.

By means of an invention—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, by means of an improvement of an existing invention—he made the world accessible in a way it had never been before. Travel had hitherto been difficult and laborious; he made it easy and rapid. Villages, and even towns and cities, had been more or less isolated; he brought them together, and it is because of his work that great cities like London and Birmingham have been able to grow to the extent they have, with thousands of workers who live outside their limits coming in every day to their daily labour.

The boy's father was employed at a colliery, and the boy himself went to work at a very early age, being quite uneducated. Once when his sister wanted a new bonnet, but had not the money to buy it, the boy said he would see she had the money, and, running off to the marketplace, he spent the whole day earning a copper here and there by holding horses for farmers and others. Then he brought the money to his sister, and she was able to buy the bonnet.

After herding cows and hoeing turnips for a time, the boy obtained work at the same colliery as his father, and, having to tend an engine, he made up his mind to learn everything about its mechanism. When work was over on Saturday night he used to take the engine to pieces, clean it thoroughly, and put it together again.

Although uneducated, he had clever brains, and formed many ideas about how an engine could be improved. When at last he was promoted to be an engine-wright he began to put these ideas into practice, and it was out of this that his great invention grew.

It is doubtful if any other mechanical invention has ever influenced and changed the world so greatly. Its superiority over all rivals was instantly recognised, and the poor unlettered colliery boy came to be recognised as one of the greatest engineers of all time.

He became wealthy and respected, he changed the face of England, and all other countries, and he is to be numbered among the benefactors of mankind.

He educated himself in course

of time, and when at last he died, a country gentleman, at his beautiful seat near Chesterfield, his name was a household word throughout the world. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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Sweet April! Many a Thought is Wedded Unto Thee



DR. MERRYMAN

AN absent-minded professor, while visiting some friends, had been listening somewhat inattentively to a proud mother's praises of her infant son. Presently he gathered his wandering thoughts, and realised that he was expected to make some comment.

"Can the little man walk?" he asked.

"Walk!" exclaimed the mother indignantly. "Why, of course he can! He has been walking for three months now."

"Dear me!" said the professor, whose mind had wandered again. "What a long way he must have gone!"

A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in people but not in crowd,
My second's in quiet but not in loud,
My third is in candle but not in light,
My fourth is in brilliance but not in bright,
My fifth is in parcel but not in post,
My sixth is in gathering but not in host,
My seventh's in wander but not in walk,
My eighth is in twaddle, but not in talk,
My ninth is in water but not in leech,
My tenth is in alder but not in beech,
My eleventh's in shutter but not in closed,
My whole is two things that are much opposed.

Answer next week

Words and Deeds

THE story is told of Orville Wright that he was once reproached for not taking up the challenge that Professor Langley was the inventor of the aeroplane.

"You are too taciturn," he was told. "You should assert yourself more."

"My friend," replied Orville Wright, "the parrot is a good talker but a bad flyer."

Why Not?

A WISE old owl lived in an oak.
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that bird?

How many weeks belong to the year 1924?

Forty-six; the other six are Lent.

Do You Live at Hatfield?

IN old documents Hatfield is spelt Hathfeld and Hethfeld, which clearly shows its meaning to be the heath field, or open field.

This was no doubt a description of the place at one time, and, though now a town with houses and roads, it still retains its old descriptive name.

The Polite Editors

A POET, when asked if he did not find writing poetry a thankless task, replied that, on the contrary, everything he wrote was returned with thanks.

WHAT is the difference between a watchmaker and a gaoler?
One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

Economy



SCOUT LONG: "Well, have you done your good deed for today?"

SCOUT SHORT: "Yes; I am wearing one of my big brother's hats so that Father shan't have to buy me a new one."

Alphabet and Arithmetic

I AM a word of four letters. Multiply my fourth by two and you have my first; divide my first by 20 and you have my third; divide my third by 50 and you have my second; multiply my third by ten and you have my fourth.

Do you know what word I am?

Solution next week

WHAT is it that we often return yet never borrow? Thanks.

An Important Detail

AN amateur musician was playing an organ before a number of acquaintances, and was very anxious to impress them with the note given by one particular stop.

"Don't you think this is a glorious note?" he asked.

"Well," replied a listener, "that depends upon its name."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the player, "what has the name to do with it? A rose, you know, by any other name would smell as sweet."

"Quite so," said the listener. "But in the case of that stop the name has everything to do with it. If you call it the flute stop, for instance, I should say it is very shrill, but if you call it the railway whistle stop I should say it is very sweet."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem

The numbers of the sheep in the various folds were: 9, 18, 36, 72

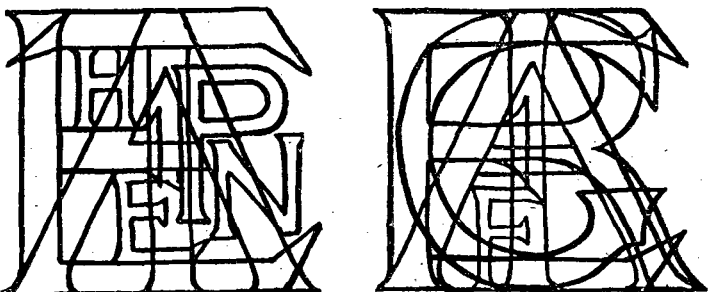
A History Puzzle

Marlborough, Drake, Cook, Cabot, Collingwood, Victory. The initials make the Roman numerals for 1805, MDCCCV.

A Hidden Word Puzzle

Aeroplane, Acorn, Elephant, Rope, Oval, Pipe, Lamp, Apple, Nest, Envelope

Monograms of the Zoo Animals



These two monograms are composed of the letters in the names of two animals at the Zoo. Can you find out what they are?

Solution next week

Jacko Writes an Advertisement

BY the end of a fortnight Jacko had made one great enemy in Aunt Matilda's household. It was Cook.

She couldn't bear the sight of "that young imp of mischief," she told the housemaid. What with his appetite and the trouble he gave in the house, she was "fairly rushed off her legs."

She was always complaining about him to Aunt Matilda, but for a long time the old lady wouldn't hear a word against Jacko. "We must be thankful he has such a good appetite," she said.

But after Jacko's escapade in the middle of the night she began to think differently, and when Cook threatened to give notice she spoke to Jacko very sharply.

"A jolly good job if Cook *did* give notice," muttered Jacko, as he slunk off. "The woman's a sneak."

He felt so strongly about it that that very afternoon he ran down to the village and asked one of the shops to put a little notice in the window for him.

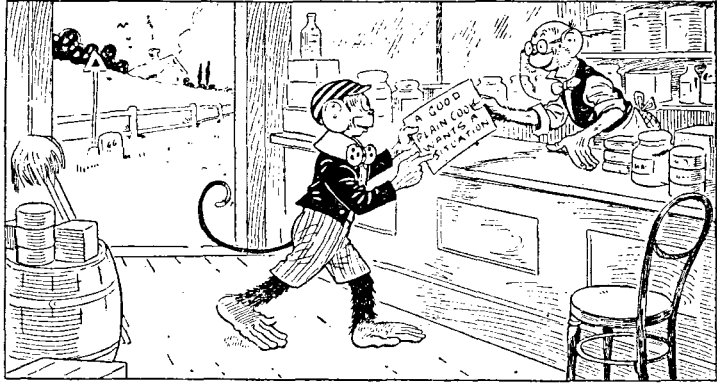
"A good plain cook wants a situation," he wrote out in big, bold letters.

"At liberty *immediately*," he added, with a grin. And then he gave Aunt Matilda's address.

The next afternoon, when Aunt Matilda was lying down, there was a ring at the bell, and the visitor wouldn't go away. She said it was very urgent, and at last the old lady had to go down and see her.

"I've come about your cook," began the visitor.

Aunt Matilda was flabbergasted! And when she heard about



Jacko ran down to a shop in the village

the notice in the shop window she could hardly believe her ears.

"It's that young rascal, I declare!" she said.

She had to explain that it was all a mistake, and the visitor was very unpleasant, and said that she had been brought a long way all for nothing.

Aunt Matilda heaved a sigh of relief when the door closed behind her. But the next minute there was another ring. Then another! And another! By the time the old lady had seen everybody she was quite exhausted.

So was Jacko when she had finished with him! He went to bed without his supper. And instead of getting rid of Cook; Aunt Matilda very nearly got rid of Jacko.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

How Birds Mob Their Enemies

A Derbyshire reader writes:

Our house is surrounded by trees. About seven o'clock one morning I heard a loud twittering in the garden, such as one hears when pussy teases the birds in spring.

As the noise increased I looked through the window, and saw a number of birds flying about in great excitement in and out of a lilac tree. Then I discovered a large brown owl perched on one of the branches of the trees while blackbirds, thrushes, robins, chaffinches, and tits were curiously examining it.

The owl sat looking very wise and slowly turning its head. When it did so the smaller birds fluttered away, only to come back to tease it when it was quiet.

On hearing footsteps the owl flew away, and the chatter of the other birds died into silence.

Comment les oiseaux houspillent leurs Ennemis

Un lecteur du Derbyshire nous écrit:

Notre maison est entourée d'arbres. Un matin vers sept heures j'entendis dans le jardin un gazouillement bruyant tel celui que l'on entend au printemps quand Minette taquine les oiseaux.

Comme le bruit augmentait, je regardai par la fenêtre, et j'en vis une bande d'oiseaux dans un état d'agitation extrême, volant parmi les branches d'un lilas. Je découvris alors, perchée sur une des branches des arbres, une hulotte de grande taille, que les merles, les grives, les rouges-gorges, les pinsons, et les mésanges examinaient avec curiosité.

La hulotte restait là, avec son air de profonde sagesse, et tournait lentement la tête. A ce mouvement les plus petits des oiseaux s'envolaient, pour revenir la taquiner quand elle ne bougeait plus.

Entendant des pas, la hulotte s'envola, et le gazouillement des autres oiseaux s'éteignit.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Easter Hare

EVERY Easter Monday the children had boiled eggs for breakfast—not eggs with brown or white shells, but of blue, green, scarlet, and yellow.

"I do wish Easter Monday came once a week like other Mondays," said Anne. "Scarlet eggs taste so delicious."

"I like hunting for the Easter hare better than scarlet eggs," said Brian.

Hunting for the hare was another Easter treat. After breakfast, Daddy said: "Now off you go to hunt the hare!"

Nobody ever knew where he would be. Once Brian found him sitting on the branch of an apple tree. The time Pamela found him he was paddling in the birds' bath, and last year Jimmy discovered him tucked up inside a cabbage!

The sad part was that Anne never found him at all, and she wanted to so very much. He was such a dear little china hare—just the cuddly sort of hare to take to bed with you.

"Now, Anne, keep your eyes open," said Daddy, and Anne felt she *would* find the hare that year somehow.

She looked under the flower-pots and peeped inside all the cabbages, and she was just searching among the bushes in the shrubbery when she heard a voice-shout: "Stand still, little girl! Stand still!"

Very much frightened, Anne stood still, and watched the big boy from next door creeping along the other side of the hedge in the strangest way. Then, suddenly, from under the hedge darted a huge red hare with long, silky ears.

"Catch him!" shouted the boy, and, though Anne was really afraid of such a big creature, she seized him and held him fast.

"You little brick! It's my prize Belgian hare Albert. He escaped while I was cleaning his hutch. Hand him over and come and see my bunnies." Anne crawled through the hedge, and the boy took her



She heard a voice

to a stable and showed her hutches of lovely rabbits. There were six baby ones, and he said: "I'll give you one, if you like, for catching Albert."

Brian found the Easter hare in a gooseberry bush, but Anne didn't mind, because a nice live baby bunny is nicer than a little china Easter hare.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

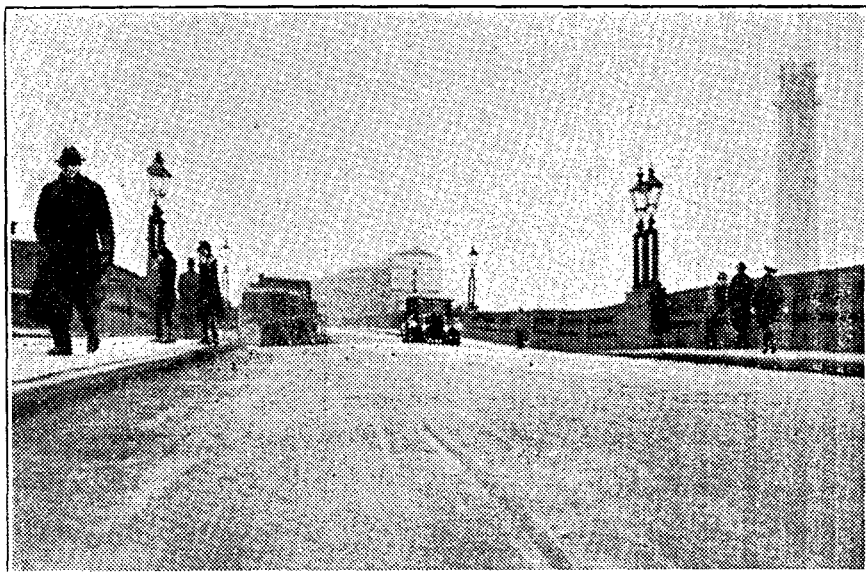
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 19, 1924

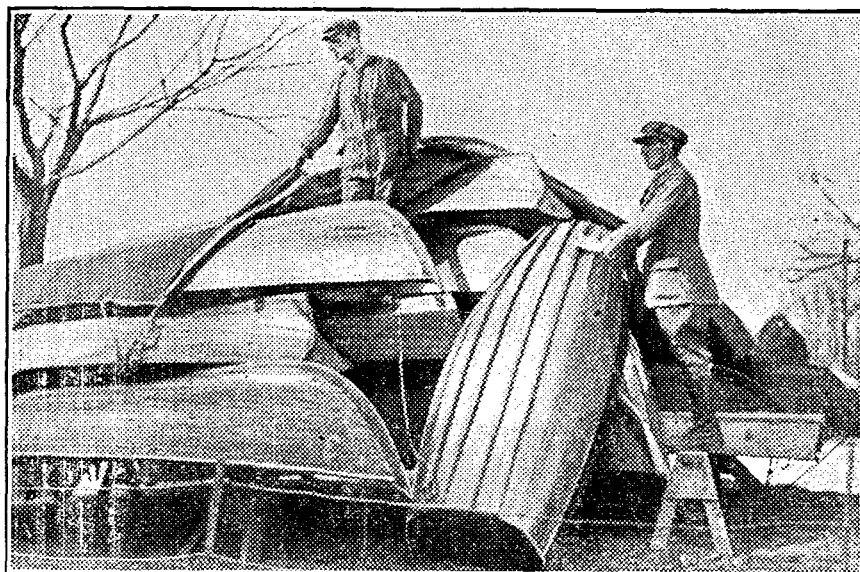
Every Thursday, 2d.

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LONDON'S SUNKEN BRIDGE · PREPARING FOR EASTER · THE PAPAU TREE



London's Warped Bridge—Waterloo Bridge, which it is proposed to rebuild, has begun to sink in the middle, and the warping is most marked, as can be seen in this photograph. The stones of the balustrade are beginning to part and are being filled up with concrete.



Preparing for the Boating Season—As the fine weather approaches workmen everywhere are getting ready boats and punts for use on the rivers and lakes, and these pleasure boats in a park at Ilford are being taken out of their winter quarters to be overhauled for the summer.



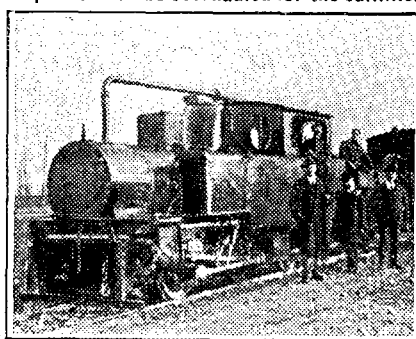
A Romp at the Zoo—Two Zoo bears indulge in a wrestle while a third animal looking on appears to be acting as referee.



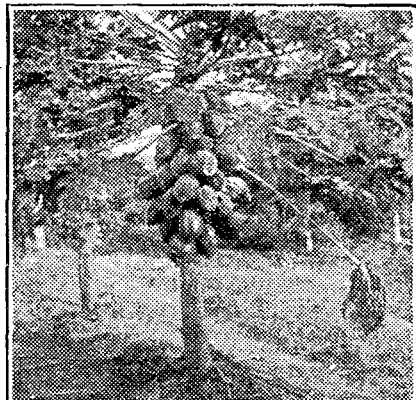
Protecting the East Coast—A new kind of groyne, made up of triangular concrete slabs, being placed in position on the beach at Lowestoft to prevent the inroads of the sea.



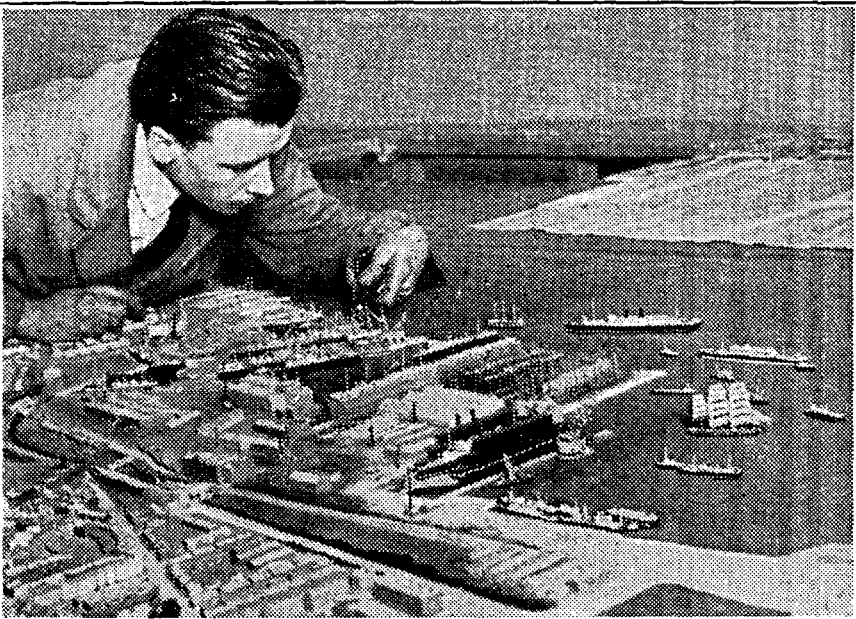
Fishing for Crabs Through the Ice—An Eskimo woman at Nome, Alaska, catching crabs through a hole in the ice. It will be noticed that she carries her child on her back in the same way as an Indian squaw carries her papoose. Crabs are plentiful in these parts, and are much sought after by the natives for food. This woman has made a very good catch.



An Amphibian Train—This train, recently tested in Italy, is specially built to travel through floods as well as on dry tracks.



A Well-loaded Papau Tree—Attempts are being made to introduce the papau as a popular fruit in England; and this picture shows what a papau tree in fruit looks like.



Liverpool Docks for Wembley—A fine model of the Mersey Docks is being made for the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley; and here one of the constructors is setting up part of the model. It will cover an area of 300 square feet, and buildings, docks, boats, cranes, and all the other parts will be exactly to scale. The liners will be controlled by electricity.



Getting Ready for Easter—All the chocolate factories have for months past been preparing for Easter, and millions of chocolate Easter eggs have been made and sent to the shops. The egg has always been a symbol of new life and resurrection, and centuries before eggs of sweetmeat were made people in many lands gave one another ordinary eggs at Eastertide.

THE FLEET THAT LIES IN THE OCEAN BED—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

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